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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE BREAK AT PARIS

THE Paris correspondent of the *Economist* thus describes the dramatic conclusion of the Reparations Conference in Paris just prior to the Ruhr occupation: —

No greater bombshell has fallen during any of the numerous Allied Conferences since the war began, from the French point of view, than that which burst yesterday, when Mr. Bonar Law made known to the French, Belgian, and Italian delegates the British proposals for dealing with the Reparations and Interallied debt problems. The surprise that was manifested by the representatives of the three Continental Allies was experienced in an intensified form by their official experts, and this morning, when the details became known to French opinion as a whole, the effect was one that can only be described as stupefaction and consternation. Mr. Bonar Law's statement was as unexpected as it was startling.

L'Europe Nouvelle describes what occurred more picturesquely: —

The British plan and the French plan collided like one Pullman car plunging into another. Tea had been ordered for five o'clock, and every preparation made for a cozy, courteous little talk; but by four o'clock every chair was empty, and the plenipotentiaries had left. The British Pullman had crashed forward like a tank. M. Poincaré, battered and crippled, crept off at a snail's pace to the Élysee, while M. de Lasteyrie, his Minister of Finance, gesticulated with his long arms and kept repeating to the journalists: 'Incredible!' 'Disastrous!'

In leaving the Conference, M. Poincaré muttered, loudly enough to be heard by two of the Allied delegates: 'Lloyd George would have brought us to that, but he would never have said so.'

People were astonished because Bonar Law showed his whole hand at the very outset, and insisted that all the plans presented to the Conference be made public at once. Bonar Law is not a lawyer, but an ironmaster. He does not play bridge, but checkers. He is often to be seen spending long evenings silent, impassive, contented, in the Café de Régence. Now everyone knows that checkers are played in full public view.

In considering French policy in the Ruhr, as Harold Cox, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, points out in the London *Times*, it is important to bear in mind that, though President Poincaré may represent a majority of the French people at present, he by no means speaks for the whole country. Mr. Cox refers to the notable speech of M. Loucheur, formerly Minister for the Devastated Districts, delivered in the Chamber of Deputies last November, to which previous reference has been made in the *Living Age*. It will be re-

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called that M. Loucheur is one of the most distinguished business men of France. In this speech

he put forward practically the same point of view as that which has been put forward by Mr. Bonar Law, following Mr. Lloyd George. In particular he insisted on the importance of restoring the finances of Germany and Central Europe as a means of restoring British and European trade. M. Loucheur also insisted that the main need for France was security. With regard to the financial situation, after urging that the cost of repairing the devastated districts ought not to be exaggerated, he pressed the point that the real trouble in France was that taxation was not sufficiently high, and that even the taxes which had been imposed were not enforced. He especially laid stress on the failure of the French income-tax, and quoted the case of a district in his own department where there were only 105 income-tax declarations out of 15,000 inhabitants, although it was estimated by the authorities that at least 900 people in the district were liable to the tax. Apparently the officials are instructed not to press for payment. His general conclusion was that France must face the necessity of herself securing her own financial recovery.

Mr. Balfour, in a memorandum to the Executive Council of the Association of British Chambers of Commerce last month, pointed out that

The only sources from which Germany can obtain funds for the payment of Reparations in gold or acceptable foreign currency are — (*a*) excess of exports over imports; (*b*) services rendered by her mercantile marine or in other ways to other nationals; (*c*) a certain surplus of interest on dividends she may receive from other nationals on German investments abroad. In considering (*a*) it must be noted that the population of Germany has been approximately reduced by twelve millions; that the very productive steel-plants of Alsace-Lorraine, with their ore fields, have been transferred to France.

Since it is generally admitted on every hand that Germany can pay her obligations only out of an excess of exports over imports, it seems astonishing, according to this memorandum

that when the Reparations as originally fixed and later reduced were under consideration, so little notice was taken of the fact that German imports always heavily exceeded her exports, as the following table shows: —

	Excess of Imports over Exports
1909	£95,024,000
1910	71,759,000
1911	78,647,000
1912	85,285,000
1913	73,064,000

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REPARATIONS AND AMERICA

THE *National Review*, which represents the extreme Tory, anti-Labor, anti-Teuton, and pro-Gallic element in Great Britain, thus discourses upon the growing divergence between British and French policies toward Germany: —

The sooner we get rid of this myth of inexhaustible markets in 'Central Europe' into which British manufactures can be poured, and by which our unemployment problem can be relieved, the better. It has no more reality than those 'bulging corn-bins' that were dangled before hungry eyes at one stage of the Coalition's Bolshevist adventures. It was invented by the Manchester School in the interests of the Cobdenite cult and disseminated by our post-war Potsdam politicians. . . .

Why was President Wilson — the last-comer in the war — allowed to prescribe the formula 'Peace without Victory,' or, in other words, 'Victory without Peace'? Echo answers, Why? As also to the equally pertinent question, 'Why did Mr. Lloyd George accept a dogma which debarred the British Government from obtaining one farthing of war costs from Germany?' Again, how dare Mr. Lloyd George, having thus sold the pass — for nothing — to President Wilson, subsequently demand a mandate from the British electorate 'to

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make Germany pay,' when he was already pledged to the American policy of making Britain pay. As we now know, neither before, at, nor since, the Peace Conference did the then Prime Minister ever contemplate that anyone else should shoulder these terrific war burdens except our noble selves. There was never any alternative between making Germany pay and making Britain pay.

The editor is equally impatient with the present Government for considering it necessary to send a new commission to the United States to discuss the debt question. He considers such a move as futile as it is undignified.

We are weary of pointing out in these pages that post-war Britain pays her debts as punctiliously as pre-war Britain, there is no outstanding question of policy to be settled, and the need for any British Chancellor of the Exchequer making this double winter journey has yet to be disclosed. Mr. Stanley Baldwin is among our few valuable political assets which we cannot afford to have frittered away on futile or secondary enterprises. His single chance of escaping a fiasco in any Anglo-American 'negotiations' is to avoid putting up any proposition whatsoever, because, whatever his New York friends may tell him, any proposition, political or otherwise, suspected of having a British origin, is invariably turned down in Washington either by the Executive or by the Legislature, or by both. That is the A B C and the X Y Z of Anglo-American relations. On the rare occasions when a British proposal commends itself to the American Government, it is automatically rejected by the United States Senate after a prolonged and acrimonious campaign, in which the Administration is discredited and the floodgates of Anglophobia are opened. Any British statesman engaged on Anglo-American business should confine himself to entertaining American propositions.

Simultaneously, an anonymous contributor to the French Nationalist weekly, *L'Opinion*, attacks the United States on account of our recent Treasury decision exempting income from foreign securities deposited in the United States, but belonging to foreigners not residing in the country, from the Federal Income Tax.

In appearance what could be more just — more harmless! But it is one of the most efficacious devices conceivable to encourage European capital to evade taxes and other obligations by taking refuge in American banks, and to strengthen the position of those banks at the cost of the reserves, the credit, and the revenues of European nations. . . . Private parties in every country, especially Germany, are rushing to deposit in American keeping their European and South American securities, without paying a cent of revenue upon them to the American Government. Meanwhile, European Governments are robbed of their income tax, since their own taxpayers are thus able to conceal an important part of their property. Wealthy Germans, against whose securities we hold a claim by virtue of the Versailles Treaty, are sending their intangible property to the United States, where it is inaccessible for us. . . .

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RACE QUERIES

THE current issues of the *Hibbert Journal* and the *International Review of Missions* contain discussions of the race question, dissenting from doctrines just now in vogue. G. C. Field, lecturer in philosophy in the University of Liverpool, reviews in the former journal the recent works of Professor McDougall, with whom he takes issue on many points, particularly those identifying racial and national differences in Europe. Professor McDougall endows the Nordic race with superior independence, individualism, enterprise, and initiative, and attributes to it a dislike of being governed and a tendency to political decentralization. The Mediterranean races, on the other hand, are described by him as sociable, gregarious, relatively lacking in individual

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enterprise and initiative, and disposed to obey and to rely on a strong central government. To this the writer in question objects: —

> No one who has tried to cross the street in Paris and in London would feel particularly struck by the readiness of the French as compared to the English to submit to authority and obey the regulations. In the armies of the two countries, again, individualism and independence were much more apparent among the French than among the English. A neutral observer, who had visited the armies of the principal belligerents, declared that the discipline of the British army approximated much more closely to the Prussian model than that of the French. Anyone, again, who has lived for any length of time in close contact with members of the two nations will realize that the sociability of the French is really only a surface quality, and that Englishmen get on terms of real intimacy very much more quickly and easily than Frenchmen.

In the Middle Ages the English were described as the most governable people in Europe, while the French were the reverse. The North Germans are notably sociable and gregarious, in spite of their predominant Nordic blood. The Irish, who are assigned to the Mediterranean group, — at least are more closely related to it than the inhabitants of the British Isles, — have never been remarkable for docility and submission to strong centralized rule.

> Professor McDougall, indeed, would seem inclined to think that their adhesion to Roman Catholicism argues that they do possess these qualities. To which one could only reply that they have, throughout their whole history, been singularly successful in concealing them in all the rest of the relations of their political and social life.

Indeed, the argument that Catholicism and Protestantism run parallel with political submission and political insurgency does not hold water. In fact, Protestantism was strongest in France in the southern departments, where the infusion of Mediterranean blood is largest. The Czechs, who are not associated with the Nordic race, were pioneer Protestants in Central Europe. In Belgium, the anticlericals are the French Walloons, while the Nordic Flemish population is strongly Catholic. Indeed, the writer questions whether the Reformation was largely a movement for individual liberty at all.

> We need not stress the well-known fact that Protestantism was not in either of its forms a religion of individual liberty or toleration. These are, of course, much more modern ideas, and arise from quite different causes. Nor are they ideas peculiar to Nordic states: up till modern times the Scandinavian states were as intolerant as any in Europe. What is more important to notice is that the Reformation in the Lutheran and Anglican forms which it assumed in the most Nordic states was not a movement for individual liberty at all, but much more truly a nationalist movement, which dethroned the Pope only to put in his place the omnipotent and despotic national monarch, with the last possible check to his power removed. Its most striking result is the increase in the power of the secular prince, in religion as well as in political matters. The principle of *Cujus regio, ejus religio*, is not a principle of individual liberty. It is rather the substitution of a more effective domination for a less effective one.

In reply to the argument that the Viking blood of the Nordic race makes its members essentially explorers and colonizers, this critic harks back to the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, of purely Mediterranean stock, to the Spanish and Portuguese explorers, to the *conquistadores*, to the Jesuit Fathers, and to the *coureurs de bois*.

In the *International Review of Missions*, Dr. D. J. Fleming approaches the question of the relative superiority of the five great races from the bio-

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sociological side, in an article illustrated with graphs and diagrams. He lays stress on the fact that the white race has attained a dominant place in the world 'only during the past few hundred years' and that this is 'an exceedingly small fraction of man's history on this planet.' In this perspective, 'it is easy to believe that present white superiority may be due to opportunity and historical events, and not to inherent ability. . . . That races do at the present time differ greatly in their attainments is unquestioned; but this does not settle the question of native ability.'

He believes it practically impossible to separate 'the effects of original nature from the effects of social environment and training.' He cites evidence against his own position, especially the psychological tests of recruits to the United States Army; but he cautions against basing too broad generalizations upon such facts, asserting that people must be treated as individuals and not hastily classed in groups.

The human mind has a distinct tendency toward classification. We tend to select the dominant traits of another race; associate these traits with certain external racial marks such as slant eye, dark skin, black, straight hair; and then assign the traits to every individual who has the given external marks. We tend to set up a set of mental pigeonholes, each the abstract average of a group, and then we dump individuals into these pigeonholes on the basis of some external sign.

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OVERPOPULATION AND IMMIGRATION IN JAPAN

WE have referred occasionally in the *Living Age* to the opposition developing in Japan to labor immigration from the Asiatic mainland, at a time when the working people in the industrial districts are experiencing serious underemployment. *Kokumin* observes that, notwithstanding the idle hands in the cities, a shortage of labor exists in country districts. 'The present distressing situation of our farming interests is due to scarcity of labor which, naturally, causes wages to advance. In some districts where tenant-farmers have refused to renew their leases, embarrassed landowners are compelled to let their lands lie fallow.'

Consequently this journal is not an advocate of emigration to relieve Japan of its supposed surplus population. 'We have always taken the position that, as Japan's manufacturing industries are advancing at a rapid rate, there will be a growing demand for man-power, and we shall soon experience a shortage of men instead of overpopulation.' This condition is first felt in agriculture, where wages are lowest, and also in the Kyushu colliery districts, where there is a scarcity of miners.

In our opinion, it will be most advisable for Korean and Chinese laborers to be imported, properly trained, and employed. We have already a large number of Korean laborers among us, and the past experience shows clearly that given the proper training they are of much use. With regard to the importation of Chinese labor, the Japanese laws are rather ambiguous, and those who desire to utilize Chinese labor hesitate to do so. There can, however, be no manner of doubt that it is of much economic advantage to employ Chinese laborers, and their importation will remove a shortage of labor which is so keenly felt in some agrarian districts in this country.

Simultaneously, however, *Chugai Shogyo*, believing that the present industrial depression will continue for a long period, and that protracted unemployment is unavoidable, advocates an ambitious public emigration scheme along lines somewhat similar to those adopted in England for her overseas dominions, although it does not sug-

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gest where these assisted emigrants should be sent.

Nichi Nichi also advises reopening the emigration question, though it does not approve of Government action. It considers emigration a purely economic issue to be solved only along economic lines. In the course of the sixty years since Japan was opened to foreign intercourse, during part of which period the Government and emigration companies have done their best to encourage Japanese families and laborers to migrate to places of profitable employment, the Japanese settled abroad have not reached 600,000. This is less than the average yearly increase of Japan's population. Emigration is important for Japan, not as a means to draw off her surplus people, but as a means to provide her industries at home with markets and materials to employ the great majority who will always live in their native land.

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MINOR NOTES

A FRENCH Foreign Bondholders' Association has brought a suit in the Argentine courts to force the Government of the Province of Buenos Aires to pay the interest on certain of its bonds in gold. The Province has insisted on paying this interest, which is reckoned in francs, in paper, thus reducing its interest burden by nearly sixty per cent, and forcing down the stock-exchange quotations for these bonds forty per cent. Commenting upon this suit, the London *Statist* says:—

Whether the Province did not avail itself of the occasion to buy up what it could, whether the recent improvement in price to nearly 600, upon news of the legal proceedings, is justified, and whether these same proceedings will not drag on indefinitely until pretty well all the remaining bonds have been bought in by the Province, are questions which time alone can answer.

MUSSOLINI'S abrupt introduction to higher diplomatic circles has naturally afforded occasion for many anecdotes regarding his adventures in this new world. *L'Europe Nouvelle* tells us that when the London conference of premiers opened in December Mussolini hastened to hand Bonar Law a note to which he attached immense importance. He had condensed in this document his personal views on the philosophy of history, and his proposals for the immediate reconstruction of Europe. Three days were spent in discussion, but nobody made the slightest reference to Mussolini's memorandum. When it was decided to adjourn, and to continue the discussion elsewhere later, Mussolini interjected:—

'But my note! When will my note be discussed?'

'Have another cup of tea,' said Bonar Law.

A JAPANESE newspaper published in North China recently announced that the Japanese Government had decided to withdraw all the subsidies which it has been paying for several years to newspapers and magazines in China. This action is explained partly by the stringency of government finances during the present business depression, but also by the pressure brought to bear by liberal influences in Japan that are working for a better China policy. The amount of money that Japan formerly spent for press propaganda in China was presumably very large. One editor in that country admitted that he received fifty thousand dollars gold a year from this source. And probably Japan's interests will be just as well looked after without this expense as with it.

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FRANCE'S NEEDS AND EUROPE'S DANGER

BY JOSEPH CAILLAUX

[The author, an ex-Premier of France and perhaps the ablest financier that the country has produced within a generation, will be remembered for his bitter controversy with Clemenceau during the war, his suspected pro-German leanings, and his arrest, trial, and temporary forfeiture of civil rights after the Armistice.]

From the *Observer, December* 17
(London Moderate Sunday Paper)

A few months ago I read the following sentence in an English review, the *Round Table:* 'England and France have drifted into being partners, who remain nominally associated, although mutual trust and loyalty, the essence of all partnership, have disappeared.'

I have placed this opinion, which appears to me to be far too severe, at the head of my article, chiefly because I am told it is that of an important English politician, and because it shows, if that is so, what anxiety is felt about the future of the Franco-British entente in certain quarters.

I cannot myself subscribe to so severe a pessimism. It is not because I shut my eyes to realities, especially as, in my opinion, a union between the two countries is as essential to the maintenance of civilization as it is to the prosperity of France and of England, and I want that union to exist only on the basis of complete equality. It is rather that I am convinced that too much importance is attached to transient disagreements.

'Are these disagreements not to be taken seriously, then?' I shall be asked. Certainly they are. But it must not be forgotten that between twenty and twenty-five years ago there was as marked a tension between the two nations as there is now, and that this tension was relieved by the wisdom of the Governments of the day, who decided to discuss and to negotiate. Moreover, that was not the first time in history that discussions and explanations and agreements, carrying with them mutual concessions, were enough to destroy misunderstandings between Great Britain and France which seemed insurmountable to superficial observers. Could not what was done then be done again?

As everyone knows, the main discussion for the moment between the two peoples concerns the question of Reparations. France is justly anxious to make Germany pay the sums for which the Reich has been held responsible. England is no doubt supporting her Allies, but she is thinking at the same time — I had almost said she is thinking chiefly — of seeing a revival in the great market which Central Europe was before the war.

In order that they may better understand the two points of view, perhaps my readers will allow me shortly to set out France's position. She has been obliged, and she will still further be obliged, to repair the ruins which are massed upon her soil. Whatever happens, even if she does not recover a centime of indemnity, she cannot escape from that obligation.

What has she spent and what will she have to spend on this work? Official

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documents will tell us. She has already paid between 50 and 60 thousand millions of francs to those whose property has been destroyed. She will have to devote a similar sum to the same expenditure during the next five years, which will bring the total to between 100 and 120 thousand millions of francs.

It is alleged abroad that compensation has been allotted upon a very exaggerated basis. It is easy to say that; but I will ask those who do so to note first of all that, when I give this figure of 120 thousand millions of francs, which seems so fantastic, I am only speaking of paper francs, of which each represents about the third of a gold franc, so that the total expenditure is reduced in reality to 40 thousand millions of gold francs at the most.

There have no doubt been, here and there, certain abuses, of which the sole beneficiaries have been one or two industrial magnates and large landowners. The Ministry of Finance admitted a few weeks ago, in the Chamber, that there had been these abuses. There have, however, been fewer in actuality than those that have been talked about. They have been magnified, partly by making separate scandals of each of them, and partly by quoting pre-war statistics without reflecting that the value of statistics is like that of notes of music: they mark different tunes according to the manner in which they are disposed.

Moreover, these abuses can be explained — I do not say they can be justified — by the illusion that was madly prevalent, 'Germany will pay it all.'

And now it is my turn to put a question. Who is responsible for this insensate axiom? Is it the French alone? I think not. Even before the Finance Minister of the Clemenceau Government had valued Germany's annual capacity of payment at 18 thousand million gold marks, the British representatives, with the Governor of the Bank of England at their head, had gravely stated that Germany was in a position to pay 28 thousand million gold marks a year. These dogmatic statements not only resulted in the aforesaid loose optimism in fixing the value of destroyed property, but they also led — and it cannot be denied that England insisted that they should lead — to Germany being charged, under conditions of peculiarly disputable legality, with the burden of pensions to be paid to victims of the war. France was thus able to believe, and she believed in good faith, that she would be paid the damages caused to persons as well as the damage caused to goods. With some imprudence I admit, but basing herself after all on the texts of the treaties, she has borrowed money to pay her pensions. These loans amount to about 60 thousand million francs, and there remain at least 36 thousand millions to pay.

We thus get this total: 100 to 120 thousand millions for damages to property, and 96 thousand millions for pensions to war victims, making 200 thousand millions of paper francs in rough figures. That is the total of what is called the recoverable expenditure.

In theory these 200 thousand millions of francs are payable by Germany. But the Reparations Commission has put on the brake. Charged by the Versailles Treaty with the duty of fixing the German indemnity, and scared by the figures which showed themselves on the horizon, the Commission has drastically cut down the bills which were presented by the different Powers.

France does not to-day possess a claim upon Germany whose present value in actual capital is more than 26 thousand millions of gold marks. Putting it in another way, if our late enemies paid us such a sum to-morrow,

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they would be clear of their obligations toward us. Now, 26 thousand millions of gold marks represent 80 thousand millions of paper francs. Consequently, even under the most favorable hypothesis, the whole of the indemnity to be paid in personal pensions to war victims will have to be found by the French taxpayer, and he will have, further, to pay at least a fifth, and perhaps a quarter, of the cost of restoring the devastated regions.

This burden, which he did not expect, will be terribly heavy for him. He will have to bear it, nevertheless, and he will manage to bear it. However, he would collapse under the load if, on the one hand, his claim on Germany was valueless, and if, on the other hand, the sponge were not passed over the slate of the Interallied debts. Let us speak clearly. The possibility of France returning to healthy conditions of finance depends on two conditions: first, the cancellation of the debts which the Allied or Associated countries incurred between one another during the war, — I do not insist upon this point because I think I am in agreement with the greater part of British opinion and with most British statesmen, — and, second, the furnishing to the French Republic of a sum equivalent to at least 80 thousand millions of paper francs.

It is around this matter that the present discussion between France and England is turning.

'You are quite right in theory,' the English will say, 'but in practice what you ask seems to be particularly difficult to realize. No sensible man can ignore that Germany is on the eve of a catastrophe, that she is sliding down the incline along which Austria has rushed at full speed. How can she possibly pay the tremendous sum which she owes you?'

'Nevertheless,' every Frenchman will reply, 'this sum will have to be paid by some nation or by some group of nations. Why do you wish the whole burden to be borne by your ally, devastated and the conqueror, instead of by your enemy, unharmed and the conquered?'

'But we don't wish it,' is the reply. 'What we want to avoid is the further dislocation of Central Europe, to the great disadvantage of our country, whose commerce and whose industry is languishing and whose workers are idle, without any advantage to you, for you will get nothing from your debtor if you hasten his ruin. This debtor can only pay you on condition that you help him, that you begin by relaxing your hold and that above all you give him time.'

'That policy is merely temporizing. It is a policy of weakness which benefits nobody,' is our answer. 'You are under an illusion if you think that by granting repeated delays, without settling the question clearly, once for all, you are helping the reconstruction of Germany.'

'What a mistake!' you reply. 'First of all, if this debt remains exclusively on the shoulders of Germany, it will never cease to weigh upon her credit and to depreciate her currency. Further, all the energy of her producers and of her capitalists will continue to be directed against the true interests of the whole community. They will carry on the practice of economic camouflage, which they began on the morrow of the Armistice with the sole object of escaping the burden which they foresaw. They will take the fabric of their industry to pieces, and they will export their capital to foreign countries.'

'We shall be no nearer being paid at the expiration of these delays than we are now, and you are only postponing the possibility of a resurrection of the great body of consumers, whose revival you quite naturally wish to see.'

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'Then what plan do you propose?'

There is only one possible, in my opinion at least. I have already indicated its main lines. This is not the place to explain it again and more completely. I will simply state my arguments for it.

What really is this claim for the repair of damaged property — I put aside the question of damage to persons, as this will disappear from the total at the same time as the Allied debts are cancelled? Should the burden be specifically French? Who could suggest it? Who will deny that Belgium and the North of France served as a shield against the invader for the benefit of all the Allies? If that is so, the responsibility of the whole of Europe — I might say of the whole world — is involved in the reconstruction of the devastated areas.

That the conquered should be condemned to pay the cost is fair enough: it is the law of war. But that the conquerors, even the neutrals, whose territory was spared, should disavow any pecuniary responsibility for what may happen to a claim, which they have done no more than hand over to the nations who have suffered for the common good, is inadmissible.

The Reparations debt must be countersigned by the whole of civilization.

What difficulties would disappear if this noble principle were adopted? On assuming this responsibility the Great Powers would reserve the right, which no one would deny them, of moderating the expenditure on Reparations, of controlling the payments in kind, of fixing delays, to which France would have no reason to object, since she would be sure of securing what was due to her in the end. These Powers could also collectively insist upon Germany furnishing such pledges as they might think would protect their monetary interests — as, for example, the Government monopolies — and rule out certain other so-called pledges which some people demand.

I do not pretend that this solution is infallible. All that I do pretend is that as long as the principle of the solidarity between nations is not taken as the base of the settlement of the Reparations question, we shall reach no result except to accentuate the divergence between Great Britain, who complains of 'the bitterness and narrowness of spirit' of the French, and France, who is convinced that she is 'hindered and duped,' announces her conviction to everyone, and is gradually leaning toward an enterprise of chance, will perhaps throw herself into that enterprise, which will bring her nothing, and will only succeed in completing the disintegration of Europe.

The uneasiness — to speak frankly, I may say the sourness — is bound to continue and to increase, all the more because, quite apart from our legitimate desire to be repaid, we have anxieties of another order. We fear for our safety.

Are these fears purely imaginary?

Consider the difficulties of existence of a country which is not guarded by the sea, which has not even any natural frontiers, and which, with a population of no more than thirty-nine millions, has on its borders a nation of sixty-five millions, all inspired — perhaps as the result of our errors, but that cannot be helped to-day — with the spirit of revenge.

The weakness of the French position was so well understood on the morrow of the war that in order to deal with it, without giving us the military frontier of the Rhine, it was provided in the treaty that England and America would be at our side in case of unprovoked aggression by Germany.

Many Frenchmen — not only, and I insist upon this point, the bigoted

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Nationalists — are led to think that their country can only be protected against German adventures in so far as the Rhineland shall form a buffer State, placed under our control, or under the control of the League of Nations, which is the concession made by those who claim to have liberal opinions.

As for me, I think that this proposed solution, based upon compulsion, not depending on the consent of the populations concerned, and not growing out of a European understanding, which cannot be realized in 1922, is deceptive. I will say more. It is infinitely dangerous for Europe, and even for France, to whom it would give a false security. It would have the certain result of feeding the spirit of revenge on the other side of the Rhine at the same time as it would set against us on this side a population which would have been detached by force, and would have been the victim of a violent decision.

There are others of my countrymen whose minds are turned in quite a different direction, and would like to revive the Russian alliance. They think of the formidable danger which Mr. Lloyd George indicated when he foresaw 'an exasperated Germany arming a starving Russia.' They are saying that a political understanding with the Russia of Lenin, which should be at least as close as the one we had with the Russia of the Tsars, would not only preserve us against this danger, but would forbid Germany to have any dreams or any possibilities of aggression.

Taking into consideration the German mentality, as Prussia made it and forced it to grow, it appears to me undeniable that this is one way of ensuring peace in Europe and, what is more, however great a paradox it may seem, of preparing a renewed understanding between France and Germany.

'This policy,' it will be said, 'may well lead by degrees to understandings between France and the peoples of the East, which would have the danger of turning to our prejudice. Quite recent events, of which we will say nothing, since things are on the way to being arranged peacefully at Lausanne, are of a nature to arouse our doubts in this matter.'

I think these doubts are exaggerated. I cannot, however, contradict them entirely; but I may, perhaps, be allowed to say that no one ought to object to France thinking first of her own interests, which may occasionally, and especially in the Mediterranean, differ from British interests, and that, above all, no one ought to object to her thinking of her security and making every effort to obtain it.

Let us unify Europe politically as well as economically. Let us bind the Great Nations to each other by political pacts and guaranties as well as by financial pacts. Let us solve the more thorny questions by methods of internationalization. That is the only way which will secure both the peace and the reconstruction of the ancient Continent, and will at the same time lead her by stages toward a real unity.

To put the thing in two words, the United States of Europe is the one grave in which can be buried her old imperialism.

But has the time yet come? Are the minds of men yet ripe? The many nationalisms which were so imprudently fanned into flame during the war, and which have been fed still more madly since the peace, are eager for new adventures.

'*Les dieux ont soif.*'

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WOULD FRANCE RUIN GERMANY?

BY THEODOR WOLFF

From *Berliner Tageblatt, December* 28
(Liberal Daily)

In a recent speech in the French Senate, Premier Poincaré characterized the repeated assertion that the present masters of the French Republic are seeking to ruin Germany as 'a ridiculous slander.'

Le Temps, which has for a long time advocated dividing up the German Commonwealth, refers to the same charge as a slander and in the very next sentence demands 'sanctions,' 'pledges,' and 'acts.' When Lloyd George recently showed in a brilliant article that the French representatives at the negotiations in the spring of 1919 insistently demanded the right to rule the Rhine country under the camouflage of giving it autonomy, Paris indignantly denied the charge. Lloyd George, who was once cheered wildly on the boulevards, but now is reviled and hated by the French, thereupon published evidence that proved his statement. But this proof was passed over in silence, because it was irrefutable.

In order to cover up their tracks and to cloud the issue again to countries that are beginning to see the real facts, imperialistic pens in Paris are busier than ever accusing Germany of predatory designs. Viviani, who in his youth affected the rôle of a pacifist, writes an article to *Matin* in which he challenges in sonorous sentences the Memoirs of William II, which no competent-minded German seriously accepts as an authority. Appealing to stupid prejudices, like a cinema director, he paints Germany as a country that made war a profession, and France as a Power that never muddied the water of the Rhine. This Republican, who seems to have forgotten Henry II, Richelieu, Louis XIV, and Napoleon, exonerates of all war guilt even the Second Empire and the never-hitherto-whitewashed statesmen of 1870.

In *Le Temps* of December 19 a contributor who conducts a weekly column entitled, 'Opinion in the Provinces,' employs such language as this: —

> One nation has deceived and deluded the world for four years. . . . She lives lavishly upon the fruits of her deceit, and excludes the stranger who would sit at her table from her bountiful meal by levying tax upon tax upon him. This nation, whose hands are still red with the blood she shed, and filled with the booty she stole, has been encouraged to resume in another form her attacks upon the life of men and the property of others. We must enforce against her the sentence that she deserves.

We do not say the French nation is deceiving and deluding the world, but we do say a few insatiable and violent Paris politicians have been trying to deceive and delude the world and their own countrymen for a long time. And we who have refused to countenance the spirit of violence and lying propaganda in our own country, who are not disposed to hide or extenuate our own errors, are entitled to unmask, so far as we can, foreign hypocrisy, and to shout to the self-righteous virtue-mongering imperialists of France, *Tartufe!*

French politicians of this school are persistently pursuing to-day the same

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objects they sought in February 1917, during the negotiations between the French and the Russian Governments. In the secret archives of the Russian Foreign Office, recently published, there is a note dated February 14, 1917, written by the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs to the French Ambassador in Petrograd. This note, in specifying the conditions under which peace is to be made, states that Russia approves the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France, and promises further that the whole coal-district of the Saar Valley shall be 'incorporated' in French territory. Furthermore, paragraph 3 contains the following provision: —

> The remaining territories on the left bank of the Rhine that now belong to the German Empire shall be separated completely from Germany, and relieved of all political and economic dependence upon that country.

This scheme, concocted by the French and Russians behind the backs of the English and the other Allies, proved impossible of immediate realization when it came before all the Allies at the close of the war. The reason for this was that Lloyd George at length saw through the plans of the French to make themselves sole masters in Europe, and realized what a peril for England the complete and final destruction of the balance of power in Europe would represent. So, at the last moment, he refused his consent to the partition of Germany and the unlimited occupation of the Rhine country.

But French imperialism never relaxed for a moment its fond ambition to control the Rhine, an ambition that it has cherished under kings and democracies, under the *ancien régime*, during the great Revolution, and in the days of Napoleon. Her leaders merely bent to the wind and bided their time. Her shrewd business men drafted impossible reparation conditions expressly designed to paralyze the initiative and to prevent the recovery of their debtor, so that they might gradually secure possession of the Rhine country and possibly of the Ruhr district as well.

So when that debtor, as was planned and anticipated, proved incapable of meeting his obligations, the old demand was renewed with a mere change of words to 'sanctions,' 'retortion,' 'pledges.' The pledges that Poincaré now seeks in the Rhine country are intended to be supporting points from which France can weave her net over the whole invaded territory. Instead of the outright annexation demanded in the spring of 1918, a new, underhand, disguised method of attaining the same object has been devised.

Poincaré and his newspaper allies indignantly deny that they are seeking to ruin Germany, and that the charges made by Lloyd George are true. Therefore I feel it incumbent upon us to bring new proofs of this policy to the knowledge of Europe and America. I draw this evidence again from the Izvolskii papers, which are a mine of hitherto unknown and interesting information.

I must preface what follows by recalling to my readers that in August 1914, when the German armies were approaching Paris, President Poincaré and his Cabinet, Parliament, and a newspaper retinue, betook themselves to safety at Bordeaux. At that time the French Minister of Foreign Affairs was Delcassé, and the Prime Minister was the same Viviani who now poses in *Matin* as an ethical historian, wrapped in a spotless toga of innocence, and preaching the gospel that the German soul harbors an undying passion for war and devastation. Most of the diplomatic corps followed the French Government to Bordeaux. From that city the Russian Ambassador, Izvolskii, sent the following telegram to the Russian Foreign Minister, Sazonov: —

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Telegram of Izvolskii to Sazonov, dated Bordeaux, September 30 (*October* 13), 1914. *No.* 497.

Referring to your telegram No. 2935. I have had an opportunity to discuss personally with Delcassé the questions raised in this telegram. Prefacing what he said with the statement that it is as yet too early 'to sell the bear's skin,' and that he has up to the present refrained from discussing the matter with his colleagues, Delcassé admitted that it was desirable to settle at an early date the reciprocal plans and wishes of the Allies. He is convinced that no differences of opinion will arise in this connection between Russia, France, and England. He has repeatedly talked with you with absolute frankness, and has convinced himself that the plans pursued by Russia and France are identical. France seeks no territorial acquisitions for herself in Europe, with the exception naturally of the return of Alsace-Lorraine. Neither does she seek new annexations in Africa, and will be satisfied with annulling all that is left of the Algeciras agreement, and with the rectification of certain colonial boundaries. Consequently the main object of France — and in this matter all three of the Allies are in complete accord — is to destroy the German Empire, and to weaken the military and political power of Prussia as much as possible. Matters must be arranged so that the individual German States will have an interest in this. It is still too early to discuss the future geographical make-up of Germany. England will probably insist upon restoring an independent Hanover, and Russia and France will naturally have no objection to this. Schleswig-Holstein must be returned to Denmark, in spite of the ambiguous attitude of the Danish Government. England likewise seeks no acquisitions in Europe, but will demand colonial annexations at Germany's expense. France has no objection to this. So far as Russia is concerned, her territorial demands will be in a general way determined by herself, and France is ready, as a matter of course, to assent to them. Furthermore, Russia will naturally demand the freedom of the Turkish Straits with adequate guaranties. In this question, Russia is certain to have the complete support of France, who will be able to influence England in this matter. Continuation follows.

Telegram of Izvolskii to Sazonov, dated Bordeaux, September 30 (*October* 13), 1914. *No.* 497.

Continuation. Personal. Very confidential. In this connection Delcassé referred to the negotiations that occurred in Petersburg in 1913, and urgently requested me to call your attention to the fact that the demands and wishes of France remain the same, with exception of her imperative desire to destroy the political and economic power of Germany. The necessity of this last measure is due to the present crisis, especially in view of England's participation in the war; and the French Government insists on attaining this object in the assumption that this is a matter of equal importance, not only for France, but also for the other Powers, and in fact for the whole world.

This 'very confidential' dispatch from Izvolskii, which for a long time was kept 'strictly secret' and only recently has been brought to light, had several more continuations relating to the future destiny of Austria-Hungary. For the sake of completeness, they likewise are given here.

Telegram of Izvolskii to Sazonov, dated Bordeaux, September 30, (*October* 13), 1914. *No.* 498.

Continuation of my telegram No. 497. Declassé expressed himself with

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the least decision as to the future of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. This question interests the French far less than the fate of the German Empire. Furthermore, we must bear in mind, in spite of Delcassé's assurances to the contrary, that the French unquestionably cherish certain sympathies for Austria-Hungary which are based upon the completely false impression that Austria-Hungary presumably is endeavoring to make herself independent of Germany, and that Austria-Hungary did France a good turn at Algeciras. The same sympathies, though to a still stronger degree, exist likewise in England; the last Blue Book, with Bunsen's reports, gives evidence of that. For this reason, it seems to me extremely desirable to give both the Paris and London Cabinets timely and positive information regarding our views in this matter. When I speak for myself, I let no opportunity pass to emphasize here the fact that it is imperative to abolish the Hapsburg monarchy, which is an utter anachronism, and to give the different nationalities that make up the monarchy, with the exception of Poland, an independent political existence. At once a whole series of extremely difficult political, geographical, and ethnographical questions arises in this connection. Concerning them, people here have very inadequate and often very erroneous ideas. One of these questions, and perhaps the weightiest, is the future constitution of the Serbian kingdom. I am exerting myself to advocate here a united, strong Serb-Croat state, including Istria and Dalmatia, as a necessary counterweight to Italy, Hungary, and Rumania. With this in view, I have introduced to Delcassé a well-known Serb-Croat statesman who has arrived here, the former deputy in the Hungarian Parliament, Supilo. He is an enthusiastic champion of this idea. My arguments have apparently had some effect upon Delcassé, but I consider it extremely desirable to have him informed in detail, and in an authoritative way, of our projects for the future form that Austria-Hungary is to take.

Delcassé asked me, among other things, where, in my opinion, the future (Peace) Congress should be held. I answered that this would probably be settled at the last moment, but that in my opinion no good reason existed why the peace negotiations and the preliminary exchanges of opinions between the three Allies should necessarily be under the ægis of Sir Edward Grey, who prior to the war was the connecting link between the Powers of the Triple Entente and the Triple Alliance. If you do not wish to keep these negotiations entirely in your own hands, it seems to me best to let them be managed by Delcassé himself. He is fully trusted in London as well as in Petersburg, and possesses all the necessary qualifications for that duty.

Telegram of Izvolskii to Sazonov, dated Bordeaux, September 30, (*October* 13), 1914. *No.* 498.

Continuation. Very confidential. I beg you urgently to inform me how much money I may spend upon propaganda for the scheme developed above. In this connection, I consider it my duty to call your attention to the fact that at the present moment such action will hasten a decision by Rumania and Italy to our advantage, but that later it would be a decided deterrent to both.

In connection with the last two telegrams, we need merely call attention to the fact that the Czech, Masaryk, later converted Wilson to the programme that Izvolskii so urgently advocated. When it was finally achieved, Izvolskii was only a gloomy spectator, an unemployed diplomat, fallen from his high heaven. It is practically certain that

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the money he asked for in this dispatch, as in other dispatches that have previously been published, was for purchasing the French press, which seems to need such a tonic from time to time. We cannot fail to see that Izvolskii, in advocating the erection of a greater Serbia or a South-Slav kingdom, showed very clear foresight. Above all, he wanted an important counterweight against Italy and Rumania.

Just at present, however, more immediate importance attaches to the dispatches we quote first, in which Izvolskii informs the Russian Foreign Minister of the French plans to destroy Germany. Poincaré has assured the world that the effort to foist such a project on France is a 'ridiculous slander.' At the time that Delcassé disclosed his plans to the Russian Ambassador, Poincaré was President of France, he was present in Bordeaux, he was Delcassé's intimate friend and naturally in full agreement with his Foreign Minister. Is it possible then to assert to-day that this is a mere libel? . . .

What have the other nations who aided the French to say to this pact of Bordeaux? They claimed to be crusaders for justice and civilization and liberty. They were told that the freedom of a nation was in peril. What have the Americans to say to these arrangements of 1914? They were in absolute ignorance of these plans of destruction, cherished by a governmental clique in France, when they sent their young men and their gigantic war-apparatus across the ocean to fight for her. They fought to reëstablish law and order in Europe, to gain self-determination for nations, to prevent oppression, to stop destruction, to crush the military spirit of force. Whose freedom and existence were really threatened — that of France or Germany? Whose destruction was plotted in these secret diplomatic conclaves to discuss the objects of the war?

Leaving aside a few mad chatterers, no serious statesman and no political party in Germany ever dreamed of destroying France. Even the memorandum of our greedy, annexationist, industrial captains asked only for the ore fields of Briey and Longwy; and, when this memorandum was published, not only our Social Democrats, but such intellectual leaders as Adolf von Harnack, Professor Delbrück, Prince Hatzfeldt, and many more distinguished representatives of every class, protested against so dishonorable a proposal. . . . Bismarck, whom the French once hated almost as much as they now hate Lloyd George . . . wrote on February 25, 1887, to Ambassador Schweinitz in Petrograd, that the Russian Foreign Minister, Nikolai de Giers, was wrong in his opinion that Germany had no interest in the survival of France as a great Power: —

> The Russian assumption that we ought to desire permanently to destroy France as a great Power is therefore shortsighted. . . . Were we to be attacked by France and to win the war, we should not therefore imagine it possible to destroy a nation of forty million Europeans having the importance and the keen national consciousness of the French.

But here it is written clearly and explicitly in Izvolskii's dispatches, in the very words of Poincaré's favorite Minister: that the ruin of Germany, the destruction of its 'political and economic power,' is 'the principal object of France.'

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CHRISTMAS IN BREST-LITOVSK

BY A PEACE NEGOTIATOR

[*Our readers will recall that immediately after the Bolsheviki seized power in Russia, in the autumn of* 1917, *negotiations began between their representatives and those of the Central Powers, which, after an interruption, led to the conclusion of peace the following March. A description of the Conference by a Russian delegate was printed in the* Living Age *of February* 12, 1921. *The following is from the notebook of an Austrian representative at the Conference.*]

From *Pester Lloyd, December* 24
(GERMAN-HUNGARIAN DAILY)

December 20. — Left Vienna at 4.45 P.M. yesterday. Half an hour earlier the Commission under Consul-General Hempel left for Petrograd. They are to take up there the question of exchanging prisoners of war and resuming postal service. Up to the last minute no one knew whether the Commission could reach its destination. Discouraging reports came from Germany and we feared the members would get no farther than Warsaw. Certainly conditions in Petrograd are not inviting. Even Count Czernin said: 'I am really worried about the gentlemen, for their enterprise is surely rather risky. But there are cases where we have to take risks if we are to accomplish anything.'

As soon as we were under way, I had tea with Count Czernin in his parlor car. Adrian and Chicherich were also there. The Minister began by saying that we must make some kind of peace. He repeated this several times during the trip: 'We must not come back without a peace. The disappointment at home would be so keen that everything might go smash.'

To be sure, the Russian Bolshevist Government needs peace badly enough. But the Bolsheviki are riding their principles to death and might imperil their existence for a mere theory. In any case, Russia is no longer dangerous from a military point of view, even if there is a counter-revolution. But that is not enough. We must negotiate with the Bolsheviki, not in order to end the war with Russia, but to show there is someone with whom we can make a peace. . . . 'If our only idea were to prevent Russia from fighting us, we need not go to Brest. But we must make peace with them in order, perhaps, to pave the way to a general peace; or at least to get some provisions out of Russia.'

Czernin's principal concern is this food question, and he keeps recurring to it. With that in view, he is trying to draft a very general simple formula for our peace preliminaries. Something like this: Cessation of hostilities, no annexations and indemnities, recognition of the right of self-determination for Poland, Courland, and Livland, resumption of commercial relations. 'If the Russians were only sensible, we could settle things in three days.'

However, we are worried over how we shall get along with the Russian representatives, who seem to us to be of much the same type as the men of the French Revolution. Count Czernin is greatly pleased because Herr von Kühlmann, the German Foreign Minister, is personally coming to Brest. 'He

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has an unusually sleek and smooth — a very un-Prussian — way of dealing with people.'

I have talked with Lieutenant-Colonel Chicherich on the military phase of the question. He was selected for the Brest delegation at the last moment; knows Russia and speaks Russian; reported on December 17 to His Majesty, but could not be received, because the King was just leaving for Transylvania. His Majesty took him with him in the parlor car as far as Neuhäusl. He was told that he must get peace at any cost. Chicherich is in full sympathy with this. The question is whether we can make peace with Russia if Germany refuses. The General Staff considers it impossible, because German and Austro-Hungarian units are so intermingled along the Russian front that our troops could not be withdrawn without immense trouble. 'Almost impossible but may in certain eventualities be necessary.' Happily, we have little reason to fear such eventualities.

Our General Staff wants six months to withdraw our troops from their present lines to a new line, to be agreed upon. The latter is to serve as a barrier to stop the westward spread of revolutionary agitation. We discussed the possibility that Russia may stipulate that we shall not use troops, released from service against her, on any other front. 'We shall declare that we seek eventual peace without annexations and indemnities. If the Entente refuses this, we must be free to use our troops wherever necessary.'

I woke up early this morning at Kielce. First hilly, then flat country; fir, oak, and beech trees. Then dreary plains, the fields covered with a thin blanket of snow. Countless soldiers' graves and ruined buildings make a depressing picture, especially in the neighborhood of Ivangorod.

We shall sleep in the train our first night in Brest-Litovsk. We went to the Casino in the so-called 'Citadel' for dinner. Opposite is a simple, one-story wooden building where the Armistice was signed. General Hoffmann was there to receive us — a tall, broad-shouldered Hun-figure. Bushy eyebrows, smooth-shaven — almost boyish features, indicating a strong will, but genial and often relaxing in jovial good-fellowship. Many German staff-officers. Mutual introductions. I have hardly had an opportunity to form an opinion of the gentlemen present. There was a Ukrainian delegate — a long-haired, poorly groomed young fellow, something of the type of our Socialists, but in a correct smoking-jacket. The Russians appeared in a body. They remained standing awkwardly near the door and seemed ill at ease. Most embarrassed of all was a lady member of their delegation, who stood in a corner behind the door in order to be as inconspicuous as possible. There were also some officers in the Russian delegation. They all kept close together by the door, instead of separating and moving about the room, although they quite blocked up the entrance.

Finally Prince Leopold of Bavaria appeared, and we sat down at the table. I was seated between Edhem Bey of the Turkish Embassy in Berlin and the Russian delegate Petrovskii, who is a professor of history at Moscow. He did not participate in the armistice negotiations, and only arrived three days ago. He is supposed to be Trotskii's personal representative. He complained of the difficulty of the task imposed upon himself and his colleagues, who have been suddenly thrust without previous notice or preparation into a company of diplomats.

He spoke of the gigantic problems that the new Government in Russia must solve. First of all, it must or-

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ganize the independent republics, which are to take the place of the old Russian Empire. Petrovskii is an ardent champion of this policy. He said he was a convinced supporter of Ukrainian independence even before the Revolution. Then there is the land question, which cannot be solved on the basis of the antiquated mir. The peasants are solving it for themselves by seizing all the land not hitherto owned by them and dividing it up in proportion to the draft animals they own: one horse — one dessiatine. This is not good Socialism. It makes the rich peasants richer than before. Private property in towns is to be communized. This reform will be completely carried out. The landlords at Moscow are no longer collecting the rents on their buildings for themselves, but are sending them to the Soviet. I fancy they do so more from fear than from conviction.

S——, who has been here three days already, characterizes the Russian delegation as follows: 'The civilian members are either jailbirds or fools; and the army members are secret supporters of the Tsar, compelled to howl with the wolves.'

Friday, December 21. — A morning walk through a glorious winter-landscape, among frost-laden trees, with wide glimpses over the snow-covered plain. A message from the Russian delegation. They desire to begin negotiations as soon as possible. Our plan was to wait for the German, Bulgarian, and Turkish delegates who are expected this evening, and then to spend to-morrow and the next day discussing our plans among ourselves. However, a plenary session has been decided upon for to-morrow afternoon, in order to meet the Russian wishes.

Breakfast with Prince Leopold of Bavaria. He lives in a château with a pretty little park around it, in the village of Shloki. We reach it in twenty minutes by auto. I rode with Count Czernin, who is as unhappy as I am to be away from our families over Christmas. 'If the Russians were shrewd and tractable, we might sign to-morrow and be home Christmas.' But there is no hope of that.

Prince Leopold resembles his brother, the King of Bavaria. He is seventy-three years old, but has bright, sparkling eyes, is quick in his movements, and is a tireless talker. He gets up every morning at five o'clock the year round, and even as late as October takes his bath in the open air, with a dive into the neighboring river. He talked very pleasantly and interestingly, principally of hunting.

That evening we dined again at the Casino. Our whole party was present. Prince Leopold, as host, moved about from one to the other, with a kindly word for each. General Hoffmann assisted him. The tall, elegant, aristocratic form of Count Czernin attracted general attention. The Turkish Ambassador at Berlin, the former Grand Vizir Hakki Pasha, is physically his very opposite. He is so short and round and thick that he seemed to be rolling about the room. Secretary von Kühlmann was also present. An intelligent face and an easy, lively manner. The Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, Nessimi Bey, looks like a Hungarian, and makes me think of home. The Bulgarian Minister of Justice, Popov, is a little man of the attorney type.

These are the heads of the delegation. They are surrounded by a picturesque entourage. Many German staff-officers — one of them went around and assigned us our seats. It is the plan: (1) to give each person a different table-companion at each meal; (2) to give each guest at least once the place of honor next to Prince Leopold, no mat-

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ter how humble the guest may be; (3) to prevent delegates of the same nation from being seated together.

Many of the German civilians wear smoking-jackets. Czernin's party wear our Austrian diplomatic field-uniform, with gold-embroidered collars. Prince Leopold observed that he was a great admirer of Vienna taste, but that this uniform did it no honor. Besides, we have Austro-Hungarian, Turkish, and Bulgarian army-uniforms. Zekki Pasha, the Turkish military plenipotentiary, with his striking, tawny, gypsy features and the dazzling orders on his breast, stood out among the party. He told me privately that he had been present at the armistice negotiations. So was the Bulgarian military representative, Captain Markov, who in civil life is a lawyer. He is a square-built fellow, broad as a wall. Among the Germans I noticed several old acquaintances. . . . I am struck by the comparative youth of the three Foreign Ministers present: Czernin, Kühlmann, and Nessimi Bey are all men between forty-two and forty-four years old.

Most of the Russians, who continue to cluster modestly around the door, make a striking contrast to this company. They have four official delegates besides a number of diplomatic, military, and naval experts. However, they are the principal centre of interest. Joffe, a physician by profession, appears to be the most influential among them. He is short, noticeably plump — surely no Cassius. His typical Jewish features, his long, brown, heavy, somewhat bushy beard, the glasses he wears before his shortsighted and rather oblique eyes, and his long coat falling below his knees, make him look like a rabbi. He studied in Vienna and speaks excellent German. His partner Kamenev is likewise of Jewish descent, — he was formerly known as Rosenzweig, — but he has Slavic features — a blond beard and moustache, blue eyes. He also wears glasses. He is the most approachable of any of the Russian delegates. His former occupation appears not to be easily defined. A Russian whom I asked thought a moment and evidently did not know, for he finally replied in an uncertain way: 'A journalist.' A German whom I asked said promptly: 'Profession? Professional revolutionist.' He speaks good French.

Madame Bizenko, the first woman in the history of the world to sign a purely military convention like the armistice agreement, attracts much attention. I should say she is about forty years old — not unpleasant in appearance, although anything but handsome. Her face, with its slight incurve of the lips, betrays an energetic character. Dark-brown hair, combed back smoothly and gathered in a simple knot behind. Her face and hands are reddish and slightly chapped as if she had been much in the open air. She is clearly not at ease in society and always hunts out the quietest and obscurest corner and refuses to leave it. She tries to get away as soon as possible after dinner. She always wears the same costume — a black cloak, a simple blue waist with narrow white stripes, a broad white collar of coarse linen. Over her waist she wears a dark-blue knit jacket.

She speaks in monosyllables and only in Russian, although she knows a little French. She is very serious; but I notice, especially when she is talking with General Hoffmann who knows Russian, that she often smiles, which gives her face a pleasing expression. She is reserved and reticent with new acquaintances. Petrovskii tells me that she attended his history classes at Moscow fifteen years ago, and rather plumes himself on this. At that time she was a very young girl. Twelve years ago she committed a political

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assassination, killing the Russian Minister of War Sakharov. She was sentenced to death, but pardoned. After three years in prison she was deported to Eastern Siberia. For ten years she lived in a log cabin in the forest, not far from Chita. She was permitted freedom of movement, and worked at the bookbinding trade. She was liberated by the Revolution, but arrived in Russia too late to be nominated for the Constitutional Convention. In spite of that she is a member of the Executive Committee of the Convention, and is highly regarded. When General Skalon, one of the commissioners to negotiate the armistice for the Russians, committed suicide in despair at the hopeless situation of his country, Edhem Bey found her weeping.

Lublinskii, who is the delegate of the Ukrainian Republic, keeps away from the Russians. He is very young, looks like a student and must have been one not long ago. He is naïvely delighted and quite puffed up with his own importance. The first thing he says to anyone he meets is: 'I have been chosen Minister of War of the Ukraine.' He is generally the first one to come to meals and ostentatiously avoids the Russians around the door.

I sat next to General Hoffmann at table. He was in charge of the armistice negotiations and described them to me at length. Hoffmann treats the Russians — at least at table — with the utmost courtesy, but evidently follows the principle: 'Tell the Russian he is a rascal, and the first time he will spring at your throat; the second time he will shake his head; the third time he will think about it; and the fourth time he will believe it.'

When the Russians declared at the armistice negotiations that they would not deal with Governments but with the people themselves, Hoffmann said: 'Yes, yes, of course! I am also people.'

The Russians began with a lot of theoretical palaver. Hoffmann listened awhile and said that that was all fine and beautiful, but that they must get down to hard facts. Thereupon the Russians pondered for a time, and then demanded the return of the Baltic islands Moon and Oesel. Hoffmann at once adjourned the meeting, and when they assembled again he said: 'I am much surprised that the Russian delegates stipulate conditions, as if Germany were utterly defeated.' The Russians yielded and the impasse was over. Hoffmann said of Trotskii that he seemed to him like a bull in a china shop.

Saturday, December 22. — At noon I dined with Czernin, Hakki Pasha, Nessimi Bey, Popov, and Kassev. We debated whether it would be well to yield to Russia's wish to have the negotiations on neutral territory, and to sign the treaty somewhere between the two fronts. It is hardly practicable to select a point in a neutral country, like Stockholm or Copenhagen. That would hardly do because of the Entente. It would be better to agree to negotiate at some place between the two fronts — possibly Dvinsk. This town might be made neutral by an adjustment of our respective fronts.

During the afternoon I took a little excursion around the city of Brest-Litovsk. It was a depressing experience. The houses are shot to pieces, many have been blown up. Not a trace of some remains. Others are heaps of ashes. It is as ruinous as Pompeii — a sad, heart-breaking sight.

At four o'clock the session began. I did not remain because I had appointments to discuss matters elsewhere.

I have witnessed a characteristic exhibition of German conceit. One of the German gentlemen explained in detail to the Ukrainian delegate that the

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Russian Revolution was at bottom a German achievement, for without Karl Marx it would never have happened, and Marx was a German. In order to relieve the Ukrainian's embarrassment, an Austrian delegate asked him: 'Have you, in fact, ever read Marx?'

The young delegate bristled up and said: 'Certainly I have. It is an insult to imagine that I have not read Marx.'

The Austrian retorted good-humoredly: 'Surely no insult. For example, I have never read him.'

This little exhibition of German self-complacency suggested, to a young diplomat who was formerly stationed at Petrograd, the following reminiscence. Once at the Petrograd Yacht Club, when two Archdukes were present, conversation turned to the courage which the Cossacks showed in the war between Russia and Japan. Immediately a member of the German Embassy spoke up, and asserted that the Cossacks were really of German descent, and gave a long-winded argument to prove it. After a time one of the Archdukes interrupted him with a question: 'Tell me, please, who is the Captain of Kopenick, of whom everybody is talking — is he also a German?'

Late this evening the Russian proposals were circulated. They are in full agreement with the Soviet resolutions.

Monday, December 24. — So it 's to be Christmas in the field. In spite of the kindness of the officers who are our hosts, it will be only a substitute-Christmas. Everyone is thinking of his folks at home. This morning I was with Czernin, who asked me to arrange our economic programme with Germany as soon as possible, for that would have to precede the settlement of the Austrian and Polish question. Kühlmann is to talk this over with me.

The Russians want to go home in order to propose to the Entente a general peace, to be accepted within a very short period — five days. If the Entente rejects the proposal or does not reply, they will come back at once and conclude a separate peace with us. In order to prevent the appearance of a break in the negotiations, one of them will stay here and discuss certain details.

At dinner I sat next to Madame Bizenko. She speaks German and French very badly, so that it was hard to talk with her. I tried literature and got hardly a word. I brought up the question of the working classes. She merely thought that it would be easy to solve that problem in Russia. She is very positive in her opinions on the land question: 'The land must belong to those who cultivate it. The tiller must be the owner.' She despises our policies and glorifies her own as seeking only social ends. 'Politics are only a tool to secure social reforms.'

That noon we had a private consultation among the representatives of our four allied Powers. A difference of opinion arose with the Bulgarians, who are waiting for instructions from Sofia. This causes a delay.

Christmas eve. In the dining-room a big Christmas tree with artificial snow, ornaments, and many candles; on the table pine cones with little pine trees in flower-pots standing among them. In the next room is an orchestra that plays the airs of each country represented here, but only the higher notes are audible in the hum of conversation. After dinner I have a long talk with Kühlmann about commercial treaties, the Polish question, and the peace negotiations in general.

Tuesday, December 25. — All the forenoon we were waiting for a reply from Sofia and discussing our general attitude toward the commercial provisions of the peace treaty. At breakfast

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I sat next to Petrovskii and asked him his views on the coming commercial arrangements between Russia and the Central Powers. He is for resuming them immediately. I asked him on what basis. On that of the old treaty? He replied that he and his colleagues have not yet studied the old treaty, but that we might provisionally proclaim free trade up to possibly maximum quantities of each important commodity.

Our conversation turned to Russian finances. I asked how Russia was going to pay her debts. Petrovskii thought it was not certain whether Russia would pay the interest on her public debt. He thought that eventually only so much would be paid as applied to debts incurred for reproductive investments.

At breakfast we agreed to hold a conference at 4 P.M. The Bulgarians have yielded. Our reply to the Russian proposals is ready. Count Czernin, who sat opposite me with Kamenev, promised his neighbor an answer immediately after breakfast, in order that the Russians may have time to consider it before the session. It is rumored that they will take our reply to Petrograd, in order to issue there an invitation to the Entente to begin negotiations for a general peace within five days, on the basis agreed upon between Russia and ourselves. In case the Entente refuses or fails to reply, then Russia will make a separate peace.

So we may expect negotiations to be resumed in about ten days. We recurred to the point that the Russians would prefer to continue the conference at a neutral point. Czernin replied that we were ready to go further than that, and even to have it upon Russian territory, for instance Dvinsk, and to sign the peace there. Kamenev raised the question why Socialists were refused passports to Stockholm. Czernin asked:

'Would you give Kerenskii a passport to go abroad?'

'Certainly.'

'And the Tsar?'

'That is quite different.'

The session set for four o'clock was postponed because the Russians were not ready — first to five o'clock, then to six, and finally to 9.30. Madame Bizenko was the only one who appeared at dinner. She and Zekki Pasha were my neighbors.

At ten o'clock our conference began in the principal room of the Casino. It is a large, high apartment, evidently intended for concerts and dances. There is a stage across one end. A big horseshoe table had been set up in the centre of the hall — a rude affair of hewn boards, with paper spread over the top. A piece of heavy folded paper served as a pencil-holder. At the head sat Secretary von Kühlmann. On his right were Count Czernin and Hakki Pasha, and on his left Joffe and Popov.

We read our statement in German; it was translated sentence for sentence. Thereupon Joffe read his reply, which, with a single reservation upon the question of self-determination, was decided to be satisfactory. Conclusion: the bases for a general peace are laid. Joffe proposed a ten days' recess, until January 4, in order that the nations which are not yet included in the peace treaty may have an opportunity to participate in it. After this period the negotiations are to be resumed regardless of the number of countries represented. On both sides we are highly gratified and feel that we have given the world a precious New Year's gift — its first peace.

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WALT WHITMAN AND GERMAN POETRY

BY OTTO ZAREK

From *Die Neue Rundschau, December*
(Berlin Liberal Literary Monthly)

Walt Whitman is the poet of the American race. To represent a nation does not mean to be a physical embodiment of its traits, any more than ability to paint a landscape or portrait, to carve a statue, or to portray dramatic scenes in winged words, means to reproduce them physically. The poet of a nation evokes the national consciousness from the subconscious, and, by giving it artistic expression, endows it, so to speak, with independent existence. His mission is to make his fellow countrymen aware of their ideals. Those ideals are no arbitrary concepts, begotten of romantic dreams, moral speculation, or abstract reasoning. They are the very soul-substance of the people, warmed by its blood, thrilled with its vital principle. Ideals are identical, in the highest sense, with national destiny.

America's destiny is democracy. Only the poet — the poet who soars above the mere mechanism of the letter — is competent to detect and isolate the throbbing melody of this deeper truth in the tumultuous din of America's daily life; for it is a melody to which her official and political world is all too often deaf. Democracy, freedom, comradery: these lifeless political terms become in Whitman's poetry spiritual reality, ultimate cosmic principles. Walt Whitman is not a political poet.

One error begotten of the effeminacy that now dominates German literature is conceiving Walt Whitman as fulfilling an aspiration that motivates the German cultural movement of to-day. This error explains the journalistic idea that Whitman is the founder of a new lyric school; and that this lyric school, intensely alive with the energy, the rhythm, the virile force of modern America, heralds the rapprochement of German and American cultures some so ardently desire. This is a very superficial fancy, even if we confine it exclusively to the influence of Whitman upon contemporary poetry.

In the first place, this hypothesis confuses two separate concepts: civilization and culture. Modern sociology, which has arrogated to itself inductive methods, does indeed recognize an interrelation between the two: it interprets, for instance, the ready adoption by our industry of American methods of production as the outcome of similarities in the forces underlying the economic life of the two nations; and from these it infers, on the theory of cause and effect, that a similar identity in the cultural developments of the two peoples must necessarily exist.

But it is impossible to discover in Whitman a prophet of modern German thought — of German democracy — without distorting both the determining forces in German culture and the significance of Walt Whitman himself.

Respect for his literary eminence, and clarity of thought, alike bid us look upon Walt Whitman as a harmonious whole, untouched by ancient precedents and European cultural in-

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fluences. What makes Walt Whitman supremely important as an influence in our own creative literature is his originality, the fact that he was a law unto himself. This was the quality that impelled that great native genius to create his cosmos in his own image and make it part and parcel of his own world, his own landscape, his own race — America. This fact does not belittle his genius; it confirms it.

German poetry at the end of the last century presented the aspect of a battlefield still preserving the familiar features of its peaceful, homely past: a battlefield where only small detachments have pushed forward from forests, groves, and other cover — cautious skirmishers, scattered horsemen, daring scouts, operating independently without inviting a general engagement. For not only courageous and resolute leaders, but also a steady and disciplined rank and file, are necessary for a general assault. On every side groups of young writers, little coteries of ardent and aspiring men and women, tried to start new poetic movements; but their isolated efforts were fruitless, and they retired discomfited from the field without leaving a permanent landmark in our literary history.

During this period, our young poets conceived a desire to review and revalue the literary values of the past. Hölderlin, and contemporary interest in Chinese and Russian poetry, were examples of this. So our literary creative forces were placed in the service of the exotic. Poetry — and in particular lyric poetry, which is the most accurate expression of the German soul — was pushed into the background; romanticism went out of fashion. But no poetic and spiritual substitute for these was discovered. Our writers used their creative faculties to describe the charm of a landscape, a love affair, or any other sentimental experience — delicate and unsubstantial themes that afford a field for the exercise of the finer sensibilities. However, in this material the theme itself was more important than the emotion it evoked; the physical world eclipsed the world of fancy and the spirit. Nature as a present fact was disassociated from nature as an eternal process. Poetry was confined to playing with the surface of things, to a running commentary upon everyday experiences.

The lyric poetry of this naturalistic period lacked a definite and sustaining purpose. Therefore it sought an ideal, and found it in aspiration toward social betterment. From this point dates the appearance of social motives in German lyric poetry — socialism, social ethics, social pietism, social pathos. But the fundamental thing for which this idea stood — the poetry of social brotherhood — was lacking. The creative inspiration called forth by these ideals was too weak to lift our verse above the level of political discussion into the loftier realm of prophecy.

Thereupon a new, expressionist type of poetry appeared, which went to the opposite extreme. It occupied itself with prophecy alone. It became oracular or strident, dinning into our ears its ardent love of brotherhood, of human union, of community, instead of drawing its inspiration from life itself, and lifting life to the level of poetry. That is the tragic fate of our generation. Its aspirations lack creative power.

However, this movement gave us an ecstatic lyricism of comradery, democracy, fraternity. But its songs were mere sound without content, unrelated with nature, and these enthusiastic heralds were humiliated to discover that the world took their sentiments, but not their verses, seriously. People thought that the poets themselves

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yearned for democracy and fraternity, but that the people at large did not.

The dream of a democratic world-sentiment had no reality. Democracy is not an intimate experience of the German race. Our people are sterile in practical political invention, fruitful as they may be in political theories. So democracy in its broad, human, sincere aspect, in the sense in which Walt Whitman is its mouthpiece, is, so to speak, merely a vague longing, a rosy dream for the German.

In Germany democracy may be thought a political necessity, because it is supposed to be politically useful, but it is not a fundamental and spontaneous demand of our nature. Therefore democracy remained a Utopia in German poetry until Walt Whitman revealed it to us as something actual and real. This explains Whitman's fame and influence among us. He supplied something that German poetry was not able to supply with its own unaided effort.

Whitman is the poet of his people. His art is conditioned by his habitat. America lives, pulsates, and rejoices in his blood. And in him America ceases to be a mere continent; she becomes a world principle.

In his poetry two contradictory concepts are reconciled: America is infinite, but she is home. Whitman envisions the peoples, the races, the mountains, the mighty rivers of this boundless home. The broad land of his mighty race gives him his conception of American democracy. The son of such a land learns from the vast world about him his cosmic philosophy. He says: America must have a poetry that is bold, modern, all-embracing, and cosmic like herself. Whitman proceeds from nature to emotion, from emotion to knowledge, from knowledge to his ideal; but throughout all pulsates nature as something directly experienced, as beauty incarnate; and the glorious, immortal theme of his melody is ever her exaltation.

This joy in cosmos, this surrender to nature and her forms and laws, extends to the physical. Life is the touchstone of poetry. Since the genius of a poet of the universe is incarnate in his physical body, and in his joy in life and experience, that life and experience have the advantage of being more real to him than any romance. Physical perfection, beauty, strength, are the greatest treasures. Whitman sings of a new race, a new life. He sings in free rhythm, in a form that the greatness and dignity of things he describes impose on him. Gesture, pose, artificial or sentimental accompaniments of any kind, would be unworthy of his theme. Objects stand out hard and clear in his strophes. Great poets despise artifice, and manifest themselves through the complete revelation of their genius unadorned.

Walt Whitman sees the destiny of his race — its possibilities, its meaning — in the destiny and possibilities and meaning of human life as a whole, of universal nature: that is, in physical and spiritual power, perfection, vigor, and grandeur. He extols the body as the symbol of life. Out of this cosmic concept flow his derivative ideals — beauty, dignity, friendship, love, leadership, labor, growth, fruitfulness, religion.

Such an idea of democracy towers above the abstract and imperative formulas of German lyric poetry, as the Eternal towers above the accidental. The influence of his work upon our poets is due to its representing the fulfillment of an aspiration for which we could not find expression.

And a second effect should be noted — his influence upon poetical form in Germany. We should emphasize here,

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parenthetically, that Whitman's poems, with all their music and seer-like vision, have become an integral part of German literature through Hans Reisiger's masterly translation. It is impossible to copy his form without borrowing at the same time something of the spiritual content of his work.

In fact, however, the compelling common-sense, the American Puritanism of Whitman's verse, have dazzled German poets. His cataracts of words, his plunging rapids of substantives without conventional connectives, have seemed to our writers the very climax of expressionism. The truth is, however, that these substantives stand for physical objects, for substantial things, the mere enumeration of whose names rounds out a great complex of reality, and thereby reproduces the poet's vision. These physical objects are details of the cosmos. They must be redundant, manifold, exuberant, if they are not to appear trivial, if they are to symbolize the Infinite. By piling noun on noun, Whitman paints for us a picture of the cosmos.

But when Whitman's gaze turns inward to his own narrower, limited, personal experience, his tone becomes more intimate, colorful, precise. Yes, his melody becomes suddenly as clear as crystal, as simple as a child's.

German lyric poetry has not been able to copy Whitman's form because — this is the secret of the peculiar reception he has received from the German soul — our poetry is as different from that of Walt Whitman as the destinies of our two peoples are different.

The fact that Mombert was influenced by him, that Verhaeren copied his rhythm, that many of his verse forms must almost be chanted, does not disprove this. The form and significance of his work are due to the fact that he is the tremendous voice of the vast and super-vital world of which he was a part — America.

The German spirit seeks to attain a form that is objectively correct, that conforms to law. It strives to express an emotion that derives its depth and meaning from the unmeasurable, the incomprehensible, the untold, and not from mass, abundance, comprehensiveness, universality. German lyric poetry remained undemocratic as long as it struggled weakly to attain the Utopia of perfect community of spirit. As soon as it gained a concrete idea of that community, it became antidemocratic.

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THE LIPCE PEASANTS FIGHT THE SQUIRE'S MEN

BY W. S. REYMONT

[*The following episode constitutes a chapter in the author's novel,* Chlopi, '*The Peasants,*' *which appeared in Warsaw in* 1914 *in four volumes entitled,* 'Autumn: Winter: Spring: Summer.' *The* Slavonic Review, *published under the auspices of the University of London, is the leading periodical in the English language dealing with the field indicated by its title.*]

From the *Slavonic Review, December*
(London Literary, Philological, and Historical Quarterly)

The world was still numbed with the cold of night, it was full of a drowsy stillness, and enveloped in chill and glassy mists.

Silence lay over the forests, sharply the cold cut through the air, and a faint glimmer of dawn reddened the tree-tops and fell here and there on the pale snows.

Only from the 'Wolves' Hollows' came the thud of trees falling one by one, the ring of axes and the screech of saws.

They were felling the wood! . . .

More than forty sturdy men had been at work since daybreak. It was as though a swarm of woodpeckers had alighted on the forest, and clung to the trees, and were pecking away now resolutely and furiously. Trees fell one after another, the clear space increased, the overthrown giants of the wood lay prostrate like a field of trodden corn, and only here and there, like stiff thistles, the slender saplings remained — bending down like weeping women over the fallen; here and there half-cut shrubs rustled, or some miserable, dwarfish tree, not touched by the axe, trembled fearfully. And everywhere on the quilts of trodden snow, as though on shrouds, lay fallen trees, heaps of branches, dead tree-tops, and mighty trunks, like stripped and mutilated corpses; while streamlets of yellow sawdust were trickling about through the snow, as it were the pitiful blood of the forest.

And all round the clearing, as over an open grave, there stood the wood, a serried, lofty, impenetrable mass, like friends, relations, and acquaintances gathered in a throng, bending in anxious silence, repressing a cry of despair, listening as their kinsfolk fell to their death, and gazing, horror-stricken, at the pitiless harvesting.

For the woodcutters advanced unceasingly. They spread out in a broad column, and slowly and silently pushed their way on into the forest — the forest which seemed invincible and blocked their way with a gloomy, lofty wall of serried trunks, and overshadowed them with its hugeness so that they disappeared in the darkness of the branches. Only the axes glittered in the gloom and hewed untiringly; the screech of the saws never ceased even for a little space. Ever and anon some tree tottered, and suddenly, like a bird treacherously caught in the toils, it broke loose from its fellows, beat about with its branches, and fell down, with mortal moan, on the ground — and after it another, and a third, and a tenth. . . .

Huge pines, green with age, were falling; and firs clad in homespun, and spruces with widespread arms, and gray oaks, overgrown with beards of hoary moss — like old men whom thunders

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had not crushed and hundreds of years had not broken, till at last the axe laid them low. And many other trees were falling, less noble — who will tell them all by name and number!

The wood was dying with moans, trees were falling heavily like warriors pressed by the foe and pushed one by another, unyielding, sturdy, but beaten down with invincible power, so that they will never even cry out 'O God!' before they fall in a row and sink to death.

Only their moan resounded through the wood, the earth shook unceasingly with felled trees, the axes went on striking, the grating sound of the saws continued, and the rustle of branches stirred the air like a dying sigh.

Hours passed; new swathes of cut trees covered the clearing, and the work did not cease.

The magpies clamored as they clung to the saplings; again, a swarm of rooks would pass, cawing over this field of death, or some forest animal would emerge from the thickets, stop on their fringe and long run its glassy eyes over the tangled smokes of the fires, over the fallen trees — till at last, seeing men, it fled, howling.

And the men worked furiously, eating their way into the forest, like wolves into a herd of sheep, when they overtake it, and it huddles together, and, paralyzed with deadly fear, bleating now and again, waits till the last lamb falls under the fangs of the aggressors.

Only after breakfast, when the sun had risen so high that the rime began to fall in drops, and golden spiders of light crept through the wood, somebody heard a far-off tumult.

'A crowd is coming,' one of the woodcutters said, putting his ear to a tree.

Indeed, the noise came nearer and grew more distinct. From all sides cries were heard, and a muffled beat of many feet, and the time for one short prayer had scarcely passed before a sledge was dimly seen on the road running from the village. In the sledge there stood old Boryna, and behind him, on horseback, on carts, and on foot, there swarmed into sight a dense crowd of women, boys, and striplings, and, all raising a fierce cry, began to run towards the woodcutters.

Boryna jumped down from the sledge and ran in front of the crowd; behind him others, each where he could squeeze in; some had sticks, some brandished pitchforks threateningly, some were clutching flails with clenched fist, some flashing scythes, and some carried only boughs of trees. As for the women, they had only their nails for weapons, and their shouting. And they all bore down upon the terrified woodcutters.

'Don't cut the wood! Hands off the forest! The wood is ours, we won't let you!' All cried at once, so that nobody could understand what they wanted, until old Boryna came up close to the terror-stricken band of woodcutters and roared so that the whole wood echoed:

'Men from Modlica, from Rzepki, and wherever else you may be from! Hear me!'

There was silence, and he cried again:

'Take with you what is yours and go in God's name; we forbid you to stay, and whoever doesn't obey us, will have to do with all our people.'

They did not resist, because fierce faces, pitchforks, flails, and such a multitude of people, all angry and ready to fight, filled them with fear. So they began to talk among themselves and draw together, sticking the axes behind their belts, collecting the handsaws, and gathering for departure — not without some angry growls, however, particularly those of Rzepki, as they were of gentry stock and had had neighbors' quarrels with those of Lipce time out of mind. They cursed them aloud,

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then they clattered their axes, they threatened; but, willy-nilly, they had to retreat before such a show of force, the Lipce people shouting at them menacingly, pressing in upon them, and pushing them on into the forest.

Others bustled about the clearing, putting out the fires, and pulling down the piled-up blocks of sawn wood. The women, with old Kozlowa in front, seeing the plank-sheds on the border of the clearing, made a rush for them and began to tear them to pieces and scatter the boards about the woods, so that there should be no trace left.

But old Boryna, seeing the woodcutters had retired so easily, called the farmers together and was persuading them to go in a body up to the Manor at once and tell the Squire that he must not dare touch the wood so long as the Courts of Law did not restore what belonged of right to the peasants. Yet before they came to an understanding, before they had made up their minds what they had best do, the women raised a cry and began to run confusedly away from the sheds, for a dozen horsemen had ridden out of the wood and were bearing down upon them.

The Manor — informed of what had happened — was coming to the rescue of the woodcutters.

The Steward was there on horseback, heading a body of mounted Manor servants. They cantered sharply into the clearing and, overtaking the women, began to lash them with their whips; the Steward, a big man of oxlike stature, was the first to lay about with his lash, and he shouted:

'Lousy thieves! Give it 'em with the whips, boys! Bind 'em, to prison with 'em!'

'Come here! Come round me all, don't let 'em beat you!' Boryna bellowed out in his turn. For his people were already scattering in fright.

But at his voice they stopped, and regardless of the lashes that were raining down on so many, they covered their heads with their hands and ran towards the old man, to rally round him.

'Have at 'em with your sticks! Have at the horses with your flails!' the old man shouted fiercely, and catching up a pole he went foremost for the assailants and struck out at random. Behind him, like a forest swept by a wind of fury, the peasants bore down in serried ranks, shoulder to shoulder, flail to flail, pitchfork to pitchfork, and with one huge shout they rushed upon the Manor servants, belaboring them as best they could till the wood resounded with the blows as though somebody were husking peas with a stick on the floor.

Inhuman shrieks arose, and curses; injured horses neighed piercingly, wounded men moaned, while the thud of beating sticks went on. The snorting breath of wrestling men and wild cries of alarm shook the air of the battlefield.

The Manor men resisted bravely, they cursed and struck out no worse than the peasants, but they became confused at last and began to retire, because the horses, hit with flails, were rearing, screeching, turning, shying. The Steward, perceiving what was happening, gave the spur to his bay horse and jumped right into the middle of a whole crowd of peasants, where Boryna stood; but that was the last that was seen of him, for at once there was a whirr of flails, blows rained down upon him, a swarm of hands caught him on all sides and tore him out of the saddle, so that he flew up into the air like a weed dug up at the root and fell down into the snow under their feet. It was all Boryna could do to shield him and drag him, senseless, into a safe place.

Then, all was in a welter, as when a sudden gust of wind strikes into piles of corn and mixes them up so that there

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is only one inextricable tangle, and then rolls them over the field and turns them about through the furrows. A terrible cry arose, and there was such a whirl of confusion that nothing more could be seen but weltering heaps of men on the snow, and fists thrashing furiously. Sometimes a man tore himself out of the struggle and ran like mad, but he soon turned, and, with new shouts and new fury, rushed into the thick of the combat.

They were fighting man to man, and in groups, they wrestled holding on to each other round the shoulders or by the neck, they pressed each other down with their knees, they tore the flesh open; but neither could as yet get the upper hand of the others, because the Manor servants had jumped down from their horses and did not give way by a foot's breadth, for help was constantly arriving for them. The woodcutters had taken their side and were pressing on strenuously. First among them, the men of Rzepki, in a body, grimly and silently, like fierce dogs, had thrown themselves into the fray on their side; and all were led by the forester, who had appeared at the last moment. Being a man known throughout the whole neighborhood for his strength, and quarrelsome besides, and having accounts of his own to settle with the men of Lipce, he rushed about, foremost of all, attacking whole troops of them single-handed. He broke heads with the butt of his gun; he drove them all apart, and lashed out wildly at them so that it was a pity to behold.

Stacho Ploszka went for him to make a stand against him because the peasants were already beginning to run away from him: but the forester caught him by the neck, whirled him round in the air, and threw him down on the ground like a threshed-out sheaf. Stacho fell senseless. Again, one of the Wachniks jumped up to him and dealt him a blow over the shoulder with his flail, but he got a backhand blow himself with the fist between the eyes, and he only spread out his arms and cried 'Jesus!' and fell to the ground.

At last, Matthew could not hold back any longer, and he, too, rushed at the forester. But though Anthony Boryna's match in strength, and he the strongest man in the village, Matthew did not hold out so much as for a short prayer's time: the forester overcame him, beat him down, rolled him about in the snow and made him run, while he himself made his way towards old Boryna, who in the middle of a group was at grips with a party of Rzepki men. But before the forester had got close to Boryna, the women, with shrieks, had overrun him, caught him with their nails, clutched at his shock of hair, entangled him and bent him toward the ground, and were dragging him about — just as curs, when they attack a sheep-dog, snap at his fur with their fangs and drag him hither and thither.

By this time, the peasants were getting the upper hand. They had got crowded and mixed up like leaves in a whirlwind. Each had seized on his man, and was throttling him and wallowing about with him in the snow, while women were clutching at men from the side and pulling them by the hair.

The uproar, the confusion, the tussle, were such that men scarcely knew those of their own side from the others. But finally the peasants overcame the squire's men. Some of these were already lying about in their blood, and others were tired out and weak by now, and were stealthily running off into the wood. Only the woodcutters fought on with the remnant of their strength, and sometimes even they asked for mercy: but the people being even more infuriated against them than against those

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of the Manor, and burning with rage like a torch in the wind, no prayers were heard, none took heed — all struck out with might and main.

They had thrown away their sticks, their flails, their pitchforks, and come to grips closely, powerfully, man to man and fist to fist and strength to strength: they were pressing and smothering each other, tearing each other, and rolling each other about on the ground. Even the shouts had died down, and only hoarse and heavy breathings were heard, and curses, and wrestlings.

A Judgment Day had come which there is no describing. Men had gone almost mad, fury was casting them about and rage carrying them like a horse. Kobus and the woman, Kozlowa, evidently had gone crazy altogether; it was a horror to behold them bleeding, beaten all over, and yet attacking whole bunches of men.

So they still struggled with each other, and cries ever louder rose again on the part of the Lipce peasants, because the pursuit of the flying had begun, and isolated men were now being hit about by small groups. But then, the forester at last shook off the women. Badly hurt, and therefore all the more furious, he began to call his men together, and, seeing old Boryna, he jumped up to him, they caught hold of each other, twisted their mighty arms round each other like bears, and began to wrestle, and drag each other about, and strike against trees, because they had got well into the forest.

Upon this, Anthony, Boryna's son, came running up. He had come late. He only stopped for a moment at the border of the clearing to catch breath, and soon saw what was happening to his father.

He rolled his hawk's eyes about — nobody was looking at them — all were in such combat and confusion that he knew not one single face. So he retired, stealthily got round, close to where old Boryna was fighting the forester, and stopped a few paces off, behind a tree.

The forester was getting the upper hand. It was hard work. He was mortally tired, and the old man was holding out stoutly. They were down on the ground, both, wallowing about like two fighting dogs, striking the earth with each other's bodies. But the old man was the more often undermost now. He had lost his sheepskin cap, and his gray head was knocking against the roots of the trees.

'Help, men! Help —!'

The forester had just struck Boryna over the head with the butt of his gun. The blood gushed forth; the old man, with one piercing cry, threw up his hands and fell to the ground like a log.

Anthony came to in a moment, cast away his gun, and jumped to his father's side. The old man lay still: there was a rattle in his throat, as of a dying man. Blood was streaming over his face — his head was nearly broken in two — he was still alive — but his eyes were growing dim — he was beating the ground with his heels.

'Father! Jesu mine! Father!' — the son roared in a voice of horror. He caught the old man up in his hands, pressed him to his breast, and began to cry with a voice fit to rend the heavens:

'Father! They 've killed him! Killed him!' He howled as a bitch howls when men have drowned her puppies.

Some men who were near him, heard and came up to help. They laid the old man down on boughs, and began to put snow to his head, and tried to help as best they could. Anthony sat down on the ground; he was tearing his hair and kept crying wildly: 'They 've killed him! Killed him!' until they thought his wits had suddenly left him.

But then he all at once stopped crying, remembered everything and rushed

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at the forester with a terrific shout and with such madness in his eyes that the forester was frightened and ran. But feeling he would be overtaken, he turned sharply round and fired on Anthony point-blank, aiming straight at his breast. By some miracle, however, he did not hit him, he only singed his face, and Anthony fell upon him like lightning.

Vainly did the forester defend himself, vainly did he try to escape, vainly did he even ask mercy in despair and mortal fear — Anthony caught him in his claws like an enraged wolf, lifted him up on high and knocked him about against the trees until the man had drawn his last breath.

And then he seemed to forget himself and no longer to know what he did. He rushed into the midst of the fight, and wherever he appeared hearts sickened with fear, men ran in horror, for he was terrible — splashed with his father's blood and his own, bareheaded, his hair glued to his brow with sweat, livid as a corpse, fearsome and so inhumanly strong that almost by himself he overcame and beat down the rest of those who still resisted, until his own people at last had to calm him and keep him back, for he would have beaten to death all around him.

The fight was over. The men of Lipce, though hurt and bleeding, were filling the wood with joyful shouts.

The women attended those more grievously wounded, and took them to the sledges. There were not a few of them. One of the Klebiaks had a broken arm; Andrew Paczes had a leg smashed and could not walk, and cried with pain when they carried him; Kobus was knocked about so cruelly that he could not move; Matthew was vomiting blood and complaining of his back, and others had suffered no less, so that there was not one who had come out of it whole. But having won the victory, they did not care about their injuries, but shouted merrily and loudly, and were making ready to go home.

Boryna was laid on a sledge, and the sledge was driven slowly. They feared he would die on the way. He was insensible, and, from under the rags with which his wound was dressed, blood was flowing continually into his eyes, and all down his face. He was as pale as a shroud.

The men walked in loose order, by groups, each making his way as he could, through the wood, for down the middle of the road the sledges with the wounded were passing. One and another moaned and wailed, but the rest laughed aloud, shouting merrily and uproariously. They began to tell stories to each other, to boast of their feats and to mock at the vanquished; here and there songs burst forth, then again a shout shook the forest, and everybody was drunk with triumph, so that some even staggered against trees or stumbled on the roots.

Few felt the blows and the fatigue, for all hearts were elated with the unspeakable joy of victory, all men were full of glee and felt so strong that, let oppose them who would, they would grind him to dust — they would stand up against the world!

They walked on stoutly and noisily, rolling their flaming eyes over the conquered forest, which shook its branches over their heads, rustling sleepily, and dropping dewy rime upon them, as though it were sprinkling them with its tears.

Suddenly, Boryna opened his eyes, and looked at Anthony for a long time as if he did not believe his own eyes, until at last a profound, tranquil joy lit up his face, he moved his lips several times, and whispered with supreme effort:

'Is it you, my son? Is it you?'

And then he fainted again.

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LETTERS AT SEA

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

From the *Modern Review, December*
(CALCUTTA CURRENT-AFFAIRS MONTHLY)

S.S. MOREA, *July* 5, 1921.

I KNOW I need not write to you, for I am traveling toward your own nest in the *Venu Kunja*, 'The Bamboo Cottage.' But the steamer is an ideal place for letter-writing. If ever I have the chance to visit Bagdad or Samarkand, I am sure to go out shopping, simply because shopping will have a value for its own sake — it will be so delightfully unnecessary. But it is a humiliation to have to go — to prove that man is compelled to sacrifice his precious leisure and even his good taste to the petty needs of respectability.

In a steamer, I sit down to write letters, not because it is necessary, but because it is natural, and consequently above all needs. Land has its claims upon you in return for its hospitality, but sea has none: it repudiates humanity with a magnificent indifference; its water is solely occupied in an eternal dialogue with the wind — the two inseparable companions, who retain their irresponsible infancy as on the first day of their creation.

Land imposes on us our missions of usefulness, and we have to be occupied with writing lectures and textbooks; and our guardians have the right to rebuke us when we waste good paper in making literary paper-boats. But the sea has no inspiration of moral obligation for us; it offers no foundation for a settled life; its waves raise their signals and have only one word of command: 'Pass on.'

I have observed, on board a steamer, how men and women easily give way to their instinct of flirtation, because water has the power of washing away our sense of responsibility; and those who on land resemble the oak in their firmness behave like floating seaweed when on the sea. The sea makes us forget that men are creatures who have innumerable roots, and are answerable to their soil.

For the same reason, when I used to have my dwelling on the bosom of the great river Padma, I was nothing more than a lyrical poet. But since I have taken my shelter at Santiniketan I have developed all the symptoms of growing into a schoolmaster, and there is grave danger of my ending my career as a veritable prophet! Already everybody has begun asking me for 'messages'; and a day may come when I shall be afraid to disappoint them. For, when prophets do appear unexpectedly to fulfill their mission, they are stoned to death; and, when those whom men warmly expect to be prophets fail to act their part to the end, they are laughed to extinction. The former have their compensation; for they fulfill their purpose, even through their martyrdom. But for the latter, their tragic end is utter waste; it satisfies neither men, nor gods.

Who is there to save a poet from such a disaster? Can anybody give me back my good-for-nothingness? Can anyone restore to me the provision with which I began my life's journey to the realm of inutility? One day I shall have to fight my way out of my own reputation; for the call of my Padma River still comes

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to me through this huge and growing barrier. It says to me, 'Poet, where are you?' And all my heart and soul try to seek out that poet. It has become difficult to find him. For the great multitude of men have heaped honors on him, and he cannot be extricated from under them. I must stop here, for the ship's engine is throbbing in a measure which is not that of my pen.

S.S. MOREA, *July* 6, 1921.

I suppose you have read in the newspapers that in Europe I met with an enthusiastic welcome. No doubt I was thankful to the people for their kind feelings toward me; but somehow, deep in my heart, I was bewildered — almost pained.

Any expression of feeling by a great multitude of men must have in it a large measure of unreality. It cannot help exaggerating itself simply because of the cumulative effect of feeling in the crowd-mind. It is like a sound in a hall, which is echoed back from innumerable corners. An immense amount of it is only contagion — it is irrational and every member of the crowd has the freedom to draw upon his own imagination for building up his opinion. Their idea of me cannot be the real me. I am sorry for it and for myself. It makes me feel a longing to take shelter in my former obscurity. It is hateful to have to live in a world made up of other people's illusions. I have seen people press round me to touch the hem of my robe, to kiss it in reverence — it saddens my heart. How am I to convince these people that I am of them and not above them, and that there are many among them worthy of reverence from me?

And yet I know for certain that there is not a single individual in their midst who is a poet as I am. But reverence of this kind is not for a poet. The poet is for conducting ceremonial in the festival of life; and for his reward he is to have his open invitation to all feasts wherever he is appreciated. If he is successful, he is appointed to the perpetual comradeship of man — not as a guide, but as a companion. But if, by some mad freak of fate, I am set upon an altar, I shall be deprived of my own true seat — which by right is mine and not another's.

It is far better for a poet to miss his reward in this life rather than to have a false reward, or to have his reward in an excessive measure. The man who constantly receives honor from admiring crowds has the grave danger of developing a habit of mental parasitism upon such honor. He consciously, or unconsciously, grows to have a kind of craving for it, and feels injured when his allowance is curtailed or withdrawn.

I become frightened of such a possibility in me, for it is vulgar. Unfortunately, when a person has a mission of doing some kind of public good, his popularity becomes the best asset for him. His own people most readily follow him, when other people have the same readiness — and this makes it a temptation for such an individual. A large number of his followers will consider themselves as deceived by him, when the fickle flow of popularity changes its course.

My International University is sure to create such a risk for me. And yet the fulfillment of my life is never in any ambitious scheme such as this. And therefore a voice of warning is constantly troubling me in my heart. It cries:

'Poet, fly away to your solitude.'

Curiously enough, this other rôle is an ambition which is not my own. It comes with a pressure from the outside. I am urged to make ready a field in which other people will find their best opportunity — and by some chance I happen to be the only man who can help them.

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S.S. MOREA, *July* 7, 1921.

In this modern age of the philosophy of relativity, I suppose I cannot claim for myself the quality of absolute poetdom. It is evident that the poet in me changes its features and spontaneously assumes the character of the preacher with the change of its condition. I have evolved in me a certain philosophy of life, which has in it a strong emotional element; and therefore it can sing as well as speak. It is like a cloud that can break out in a shower of rain, or merely tinge itself in colors and offer decorations to the festival of the sky. For this reason, I give rise to expectations which are almost of a contrary character — I am asked to give gladness, and I am asked to give help.

To give gladness requires inspiration, to give help requires organization — the one depends principally upon myself, and the other upon means and materials that are outside me. Here come in difficulties, which make me pause. Poesy creates its own solitude for the poet; the consequent detachment of mind, which is necessary for creative life, is lost or broken when the poet has to choose a constructive programme. The work of construction requires continuous employment of attention and energy — it cannot afford to grant leave to the poet to retire and commune with himself.

This creates conflict within my nature and very often makes me think that the guidance of the Good is not always for the Best. And yet, its call being natural to me, I cannot ignore it altogether. But what constantly hurts me is the fact that in a work of organization I have to deal with and make use of men who have more faith in the material part than in the creative ideal. They do not have the faith to remember that in all true works the ideal is not the guiding principle only, but also the destination; that the perfection of the song is not only in the end, but all through the course of the singing.

My work is not for the success of the work itself, but for the realization of the ideal. But those in whose minds the reality of the ideal is not clear, and love for the ideal is not strong, try to find their compensation in the success of the work itself; and they are ready for all kinds of compromise.

I know that the idea which I have in mind requires the elimination of all passions that have their place in the narrow range of life; but most people believe that these passions are the steam power which gives velocity to our motives. They quote precedents: they say that pure idea has never achieved any result. But when you say that the result is not greater than the idea itself, then they laugh at you!

During the last fourteen months of my campaign for an International University, I have said to myself over and over again: 'Never let your pride be hurt at any prospect of failure; for failure can never affect truth. Strenuously keep all your attention on being true.' My weakness creeps in where I love. When those whom I love feel exultant at the expectation of success, it urges me to procure this toy for them.

S.S. MOREA, *July* 8, 1921.

I must not exaggerate. Let me admit that the realization of ideals has its external part, which depends for its development upon materials. And materials — both human and nonhuman — offer resistance. To overcome such resistance is success, and therefore it must not be lightly spoken of.

But what I had in my mind was this, that the mastery of grammar and the creation of literature may not coincide. Emphasis upon grammar may hinder perfectness of expression. Success in

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materials may go contrary to the fulfillment of ideals. For material success has its temptation. Often our idealism is exploited for the sake of obtaining success — we have seen that in the late war. In consequence the battle has been won, but the ideal has not been reached.

Ever since the scheme of the International University has been made public, the conflict in my mind has been unceasing — the conflict between the vision of the ideal and the vision of success. The plan itself is big and has a great scope for the ambition of men who love to show their power and gain it. It is not merely ambition which lures our minds; it is the wrong value which we set upon certain results. To be certain of the inner truth requires imagination and faith, and therefore it is always in danger of being missed even when it is near at hand — whereas external success is obvious.

You remember how Chitra, in my play of that name, became jealous of the physical beauty lent to her by the gods — because it was a mere success, not truth itself. Truth can afford to be ignored, but not to be allied to unreality for the sake of success.

Unfortunately, facts are cited to show that all over the world the prudent and the wise are in the habit of making pacts with Mephistopheles to build roads to reach their God. Only they do not know that God has *not* been reached — and that success and God are not the same thing. When I think of all this, I feel a longing for the simplicity of poverty, which, like the covering of certain fruits, conceals and protects the richness and freshness of the deeper ideal.

All the same, as I have said, the pursuit of success must not be abandoned for mere want of energy and spirit. Let it represent our sacrifice for the truth and not for itself.

S.S. MOREA, *July* 9, 1921.

All true ideals claim our best, and it cannot be said with regard to them that we can be content with the half, when the whole is threatened. Ideals are not like money. They are living reality. Their wholeness is indivisible. A beggar women may be satisfied with an eight-anna bit, when sixteen annas are denied her; but a half-portion of her child she will never consent to accept!

I know that there is a call for me to work toward the true union of East and West. I have unconsciously been getting ready for this mission. When I wrote my Sādhanā lectures, I was not aware that I had been fulfilling my destiny. All through my tour, I was told that my Sādhanā had been of real help to my Western readers. The accident which made me translate Gitanjali, and the sudden and unaccountable longing which took me over to Europe at the beginning of my fiftieth year — all had combined to push me forward to a path whose destination I did not clearly know what I first took it. This, my last tour in Europe, has made it definitely known to me.

But, as I have said before, the claims of all great ideals have to be fully paid. Not merely the negative moral injunction of nonviolence will suffice. It is a truism to say that the creative force needed for true union in human society is love. Justice is only an accompaniment to it, like the beating of a tom-tom to the song. We in the East have long been suffering humiliation at the hands of the West. It is enormously difficult for us, either to cultivate or express any love for Western races — especially as it may have the appearance of snobbishness or prudence. The talk and behavior of the Moderate Party in India fail to inspire us because of this — because their moderation springs from the colorless principle of expedience. The bond of expediency

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between the powerful and the weak must have some element in it which is degrading. It brings to us gifts for which we can claim no credit whatever, except perhaps persistency of expectation and unbaffled employment of importunity.

Self-sacrifice on the part of the gainer, and not solely on the part of the giver, imparts true value to the gift. When our claims are feeble, and our method of realizing them is altogether unheroic, then the very boons granted to us make us poorer.

That is why the Moderates in India look so pitifully obscure by the side of the Extremists. I feel almost certain that Englishmen themselves are secretly ashamed of their partnership with a party suffering from advanced moral anæmia.

However, my point is that as an idealist it is immensely difficult for me to nourish any feeling of love for those people who themselves are neither eager to offer it to us, nor care to claim it from us. But let me never look at that condition as an absolute one. There are screens between us which have to be removed — possibly they are due to the too great inequality of circumstances and opportunities between the two parties. Let us, by every means in our power, struggle against our antipathies — all the while taking care to keep wide open channels of communication through which individuals, from both sides, may have facilities to meet in the spirit of good-fellowship.

I cannot tell you how thankful I feel to you who have made it easier for me to love your people. For your own relationship with India has not been based upon sense of duty, but upon genuine love. It makes me feel sad when I see this lesson of your love being lost — when it fails to inspire our people with the realization that love of humanity is with you far truer than patriotism.

I deeply regret that you could not accompany me in my last tour in Europe, though I understand the reasons that prevented you. If you had been with me you would have been able fully to realize the great truth of the mission we have undertaken. To the majority of my countrymen, the course of experience, through which I passed, will ever remain vague; and my appeal to them to view the history of our own country in the large background of humanity is not likely to carry any force.

For my work, I shall ever depend upon your comradeship; and therefore I feel sad that the reality of the ideal, which has possessed me, has missed its one signal chance of coming close to your heart. The perspective against which you have been recently setting up your scheme of life has been vastly different from mine. You have taken up responsibilities that may have to follow their own channels away from those that I shall have to choose; and the loneliness of my task, which has been my fatality in my past life, will follow me to the end of my days. But I must not complain. I shall follow the call of my Providence, and I know that to respond to it, in my own manner, is fulfillment in itself, whatever may be its results.

S.S. Morea, *July*, 1921.

For the last fourteen months my one thought was to bring India into touch with the living activities of the larger world of humanity. It was not because I thought that India would be the sole gainer by this contact, but because I was certain that when the dormant mind of India was roused from its torpor she would be able to offer something for the needs of the human race which would be valuable.

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Through different modes of political coöperation and noncoöperation, India has assumed up to the present an attitude of asking boons from others. I have been dreaming of some form of coöperation through which she would be in a position to offer her own gifts to the world. In the West, the mind of man is in full activity. It is vigorously thinking and working toward the solution of all the problems of life. This fullness of intellectual vigor itself gives its inspiration to mental vitality. But in our Indian Universities we simply have the results of this energy — not the living velocity itself. So our mind is burdened and not quickened by our education. This has made me realize that we do not want schoolmasters from the West, but fellow workers in the pursuit of truth.

My aspiration for my country is that the mind of India must join its own forces to the great movement of mind which is in the present-day world. Every success that we may attain in this effort will at once lead us directly to feel the unity of Man. Whether the League of Nations acknowledges this unity or not, it is the same to us — we have to realize it through our own creative mind.

The moment that we take part in the building-up of civilization, we are instantly released from our own self-seclusion — from our mental solitary cell. We have not yet gained the confidence that we have the power to join hands with the great builders — the great workers of the world. Either our boastfulness breaks its voice in unnatural shrieking, or our self-denunciation makes an abnormal display of itself in an aggressive fluster of humility.

But I am certain that we have every claim to this confidence, and we must do everything to realize it. We do not want bragging; we need for ourselves the dignity of the man who knows that he has some purpose to fulfill for all people and for all time. This has made me bold to invite students and scholars from different parts of the world to an Indian University to meet there our students and scholars in a spirit of collaboration. I wonder if this idea of mine will find any response in the hearts of my countrymen of the present day. But are you free to render me full help in this difficult undertaking?

S.S. Morea, *July* 13, 1921.

In our music, each *ragini* has its special scale in which some notes are absent and some are added, and the sequence of them is different in different raginis. The idea of India in my mind has its different raginis, presenting different aspects.

During my absence in the West, my idea of India had its own special grouping of notes, and consequently the vision had its own special emotional value. When in my travels I was communicating with you, I had not the least notion that your India and mine were vastly different at that moment. I came to be aware of this fact, when at Aden a number of Indian newspapers of different dates came into my hands. I felt for the first time in these fourteen months that I would have to make another attempt at adjustment between my aspiration and my country.

But misgivings come to my mind as to whether any proper adjustment will be possible. I hate constant conflicts and bickerings — always to be shouting at the top of my voice in order to make myself heard above the shouts of other parties.

The India about which I had been dreaming belongs to the world. The India which I shall reach shortly belongs tremendously to itself. But which of these must I serve?

Months ago, while sitting each day at my window in a New York hotel,

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my heart had been aching morning after morning for the time of my return — the day that should bring me back to the arms of Mother India. But to-day my heart is sad — like this dark heaving sea, under the rainy sky. I have been wondering in my own mind, during the last few days, whether it was not my mission to remain in Europe at least another year, where I was asked to stay. But it is too late now. From this time forward, I must make the effort to train my attitude of mind to a condition for which I am not yet ready.

S.S. MOREA, *July* 14, 1921.

There is an idealism which is a form of egotism, egregiously self-assertive. The confidence which one has in one's own ideas may not rise from an unmixed love of truth. It may be a subtle form of bigotry of self. There is an idealism ready to kill freedom in others to find freedom for its own plan.

I feel at times afraid lest such a tyranny of idealism should ever take possession of my own mind. For it would mean that my faith in truth had grown weaker than my faith in myself. Pride of self insidiously creeps into our schemes for ameliorating the conditions of our fellow human beings; and when failure occurs we are hurt because the schemes are *our* schemes.

Egotism of this kind is blindly oblivious of other peoples' missions in life. It tries to impose one vast monotony of task upon individuals who have temperaments and capacities fit for other kinds of work. It is like the tyranny of conscription, which compels teachers to dig trenches and poets to kill their fellow men — and this, being against God's own purpose, is terribly wasteful. In fact, all tyrants in idealism try to usurp the rights of Providence for their own purposes.

The gloom of sadness, which has been brooding over my mind for the last few days, must be the shadow of my own egotism, whose flame of hope is dimmed by a fear. For some months I was sure that everybody would think my thoughts and carry on my work. But this confidence in me and in my plan has suddenly found a check and I am apprehensive.

No, this is wrong for me, and it is also a source of wrong for others. Let me be glad because a great idea, with all its beauty and truth, has alighted upon my mind. I alone am responsible for carrying out its commands. It has its own wings of freedom to bear it to its own goal; and its call is music and not an injunction. There is no failure for truth — failure is only for me — and what does that matter?

S.S. MOREA, *July* 16, 1921.

Before I finish this last letter to you, my friend, let me thank you with all my heart for your unfailing generosity in sending me letters all through my absence from India. They have been to me like a constant supply of food and water to a caravan traveling through a desert. I was sorely in need of them during the dreary months I spent in the United States. I promised to myself that I should try to pay you back in kind. I think I have kept my promise, and I hope you have got my letters in a regular weekly series, unless there have been gaps owing to the suspicions of the professional eavesdroppers who watch over the destinies of the British Empire.

I suppose that the first few weeks I was lazy and depended upon Pearson to supply you with our news — and therefore now I am busy in making up for the deficits. But about one thing I can never hope to compete with you. As a letter-writer you are incomparable! Mine are no more letters than lobsters are fish! They are like fragments of a book — like meteors that

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are shot off a planet. They are shot at you, and with a flash most of them vanish into ashes; whereas yours come down like showers of rain upon the thirsty land. Yet you must consider one thing in my favor — it is that I am heavily handicapped in my race with you, because I write in a language which is not my own, and this greatly adds to the original inertia I always have to overcome in writing any letter in any language whatsoever. On the other hand, writing letters is as easy to you as it is easy for our *Sal* avenue to put forth its leaves in the beginning of the spring months. However, I wonder if even *you* will be able to cope with my correspondence on my return! It has grown amazingly exuberant.

Good-bye.

SEMI-FOREIGN

BY RODNEY GILBERT

From the *North China Herald, November* 18
(SHANGHAI BRITISH WEEKLY)

ONE does not have to be a conservative or a reactionary in politics to deplore many of the changes in Chinese traditions and social life which came in as wholly unnecessary and superficial attendants upon the Republican idea eleven years ago. The democratic idea was fashionable if not popular after the Revolution. It was imported — so by a deplorable association of ideas, everything supposed to be imported or 'foreign style' became not only fashionable but popular. Foreign-style manners, clothes, food, houses, furniture, and tonsorial effects were in demand and have continued in demand, but they were not always by any means what the Occidental could recognize as foreign style. The commercial exploiters of the passion for modernity have in all large cities met the demand for something new and non-Chinese, but they have rarely succeeded in supplying anything which the cultured Occidental was glad to see inflicted upon the Chinese people, and still fewer things which were in good taste according to Western standards. The standard at which they invariably arrived in supplying their people with something new and different was the 'semi-foreign,' and in all the products of art and industry 'semi-foreign' has come to mean shoddy, gaudy, cheap, or insipid.

While there have been political revolutions and reactions in Peking against the semi-foreign in political institutions, China's reactionaries seem never to have raised a voice against the semi-foreign in social life. The most radical Occidental deplores the rapid substitution of hideous gingerbread houses and shops in Peking for the old Chinese buildings; but the venerable Manchu, who retains his queue and his loyalty to the Emperor, rubs his hands with delight when he has torn down a massive and stately residence and has erected in its stead an unsightly and thoroughly uncomfortable pile, which is a cross between the cheapest of Chinese houses, a Swiss chalet, and

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an overelaborate hen-coop. While the foreigner who believes in democracy is filling his house with carved blackwood, Chinese paintings on silk, Peking carpets, and old porcelain, the most reactionary of his Chinese friends is selling these same things to the junk dealer, putting down Japanese matting or oil-cloth on his floors, buying upholstered chairs stuffed with hay, through which the springs bulge like the ribs of a cart horse, hanging up hideous engravings of the Wreck of the Hesperus or the Battle of Waterloo, with still more terrible color reproductions of nude ladies, and distributing about the walls of his guestrooms foreign-style tables and chairs, full of knot-holes and splinters and smeared with chocolate paint.

Next to semi-foreign manners, which is too big a topic to handle casually, there is now nothing more terrible in Peking than semi-foreign food. The foreigner who has eaten really good Chinese food, in some of the justly famous Peking restaurants, comes to know that the expert Chinese chef has no peer. When we receive an invitation from a Chinese friend who, we know, is bound to produce a good dinner, we experience a thrill of delight and look forward eagerly to fresh revelations of the Chinese culinary art. It is impossible to describe the sinking feeling which creeps over us when we arrive at the appointed hour and find the table set with the cheapest and ugliest approximation of foreign porcelain and glassware and to hear the host proudly announce that out of deference to our presence he has decided to have foreign food. We have stale fish fried in cold lard, strong and leathery goat-chops, chicken cooked to a cinder, and the soggiest of tasteless puddings. To help us through with all this we have a goblet of brandy as an apéritif, a round or so of warm beer, and finally a few glasses of warm, sweet champagne. If we have not been moved to great hilarity by this time the host calls the boy and asks for some other kind of wine. The boy brings in a bottle of Italian vermouth and recommends it highly. The host orders it to be opened and each guest is given a small beer-glass of it. We then gossip a few minutes over large cups of well-boiled Ceylon tea, having the color of mahogany and the flavor of copperas, and bow ourselves out leaving our host as miserable internally as all the rest of us, but fully convinced that his entertainment was not only the most expensive but the best which the town could provide for an Occidental guest.

For all of this, democracy is responsible and there is no reaction and no protest. One feature of the new architecture has, however, at last shocked the conservative Pekingese mind and it is a feature which the foreigner would never guess, not even the foreign resident of Peking. Doors and entrance gates are now being built in the centre of the new house-fronts. This is a radical departure from custom because it is a mark of disrespect to the Emperor, but a still more radical departure is the occasional opening of an entrance on the left-hand side of the house, as you face it from the street, instead of the right, because this is open defiance of the spirits. Such violations of tradition are now very numerous, but the conservatives cannot get used to them and comment with much more bitterness upon these radicalisms than upon the substitution of semi-foreign architectural atrocities for old mansions and palaces, or upon the removal of a city gate tower which the police department sees fit to sell for the almost priceless 'nanmu' timbers in it. Taste does not revolt in Peking under the worst impositions, but superstition does.

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MATTHEW ARNOLD AS A PROPHET

BY C. H. HERFORD

[*Professor Herford is Honorary Professor of English Literature in the University of Manchester. He is author of many scholarly works, among them books on Wordsworth and Browning, editor of Shakespeare and many other poets, translator of Ibsen, and contributor to the principal British periodicals.*]

From the *Manchester Guardian, December* 23
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

WHEN Matthew Arnold died, in April 1888, it fell to Lord Morley to express in the House of Commons the nation's recognition of its loss. Alone among the distinguished contemporaries of Arnold's prime, his old friend survives to witness the centenary of his birth, which falls to-morrow. The few pages devoted to him in the *Recollections* remain one of the weightiest and most penetrating tributes we possess, and may well serve to qualify some less considered judgments which that 'bright ornament' of Victorian days is apt to provoke.

Arnold was one of the intellectual liberators of his time — perhaps the most effectual of them all. But there is much in the Arnold tradition that disposes the difficult Georgian young men to discount that claim. He denounced British society unsparingly from the vantage-ground of a very brilliant and favored place in it, and we are apt to listen skeptically to the prophet in evening dress. The satiric fun of *Friendship's Garland* is pleasant reading still, but his wit does not wear like Heine's. But substantially the claim holds. His arraignment of society was in effect new, it rested on grounds then and now beyond serious dispute, and it was carried on with phrases and tactics entirely his own. If he fought in kid gloves, and even flourished a pouncet box, he used a rapier, and it went home.

Few men who had so much to say, and who said it with such intense conviction, said it also with such captivating grace. He delivered his indictment with an urbanity so exquisite that every hearer felt himself implicitly exempted from the charge, and could freely relish the adroit strokes administered to the rest. Even a 'Philistine' audience seemed to be taken into his confidence, and invited, as favored spectators and allies, to look on while he did execution on the 'Philistine' host without. They laughed, but with a private resolve to be still less like those 'Philistines' in future.

Delicate banter was deliberately chosen by Arnold, as his letters constantly attest, as a weapon for effecting the intellectual liberation of which he felt his countrymen to be so sorely in need. Liberation, in his sense, was an ideal not expressible in terms of any current creed. It had affinities with Conservatism as well as with Liberalism; and the Liberals of his day, though he unwillingly allowed that progress was most to be hoped from them, were far more obnoxious to him than the aristocratic 'Barbarians' among whom he had so many agreeable and hospitable friends. Like Milton — to whom George Sand in a charming phrase compared him — and like Goethe, he demanded personal emancipation as a means and condi-

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tion of a more perfect and harmonious order.

The British 'Philistine,' sleepily going the round of his mechanical routine, muddling along by rule-of-thumb methods, scornful of science, impervious to 'ideas,' was to be weaned from his soul-blindness by education; and by education not entrusted, as it then was, to private agencies, blind leaders of the blind, but organized and controlled by the State. Arnold was the first to press home, in his great reports upon Continental schools, the example of the wonderfully efficient State education of Germany; and the victory of 'the Prussian schoolmaster' on the field of Sadowa, in 1866, impressed that example upon many 'Philistines' who did not read or mind Arnold's reports.

Both causes did something to smooth the way for the first Education Act, piloted through many storms by Arnold's brother-in-law, William Forster; but that Act naturally provided at the best but the beggarly elements of what, for Arnold even more than for other advanced thinkers, education meant. His own ideal of 'Culture' — the knowledge of the best that has been done and said and written in the world — rested upon a faith fundamental in this modern prophet of Hellenism: that reason is, as the Greeks thought, the master faculty in man; that intellectual light had only to be sufficiently diffused to sap the passions and the prejudices which hold society in their destructive grip; that 'Culture,' in short, was the solvent of 'Anarchy.'

Arnold's intellectual humanism challenged spiritual as well as unspiritual forces in his own time, and it has suffered in repute by the steady growth of the evolutionary interpretation of man and history diffused by Darwin. The problem of 'working out the beast,' for which Arnold so confidently proposed his recipe of 'sweet reasonableness,' became less hopeful, if it did not become unmeaning, when the beast was seen to have embedded himself in every tissue of human habit and emotion, and reason itself to be swayed by the hidden bias of an animal past. Yet the error was largely one of phrase. If the beast in us can never be 'worked out,' he has certainly to be civilized; and reason, even if only his last and finest product, must remain an indispensable instrument in the process.

Arnold was, then, fundamentally an educator. But he was only in the suburbs of his mind an educationist. He could make irresistible fun of educational conferences — 'dusty air and jaded afternoon daylight . . . men with bald heads and women in spectacles.' In such scenes the great inspector assuredly felt sometimes the unutterable melancholy of the 'poor child of nature' whom he imagines wandering in; or murmured to himself, like his own Callicles, 'Not here, O Apollo, are haunts meet for thee!'

Yet social purpose underlies, in the last resort, all he wrote. Apollo's haunts were not, after all, on the lovely heights of Parnassus, but in touch with the surging tides of human thought. He would not have the poet directly instruct; but neither must song be merely a lyric cry, like the 'lovely wail' of poor, incoherent, ineffectual Shelley. Its music had to be charged with substance, with purport, with ideas, with an outlook upon the world, with what Arnold finally called a 'criticism of life.' The phrase invited cavil, and incurred it; but in his own hands it merely asserted that in great poetry noble form must be wedded to noble meaning. Large and deep experience of life, knowledge of men and things and of the treasures of inherited wisdom, were thus needful for supreme achievement in poetry; Dante and Sophocles and Goethe had them; Byron was consigned

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to secondary rank for want of them; Wordsworth would have risen yet higher by their help. Addison was denied the praise of a great writer because his flawless English was lavished upon commonplace ideas.

But noble form was equally vital, and Arnold's ideal of noble form was derived from the same exaltation of the imaginative reason. It was the classical ideal of simplicity, severity, order; the classicism not of Boileau and Pope but of Sophocles and the Parthenon and Homer. The greatest things in poetry were thus, for him, lines of a pellucid, even austere nobility, like the sublime verse of Piccarda: —

E la sua voluntate è nostra pace.

And the greatest things in his own poetry have a kindred quality which Sophocles would not have disowned. A kind of Stoic exaltation, too, like that of Marcus Aurelius — his beloved companion — added emotion to the reticences and severities of his Attic taste; the lamps of Sacrifice and of Power — little as he would have relished this Gothic imagery — burnt side by side in his temple as in Ruskin's. So he would have poetry

> Radiant, adorned outside; a hidden ground
> Of thought and of austerity within.

And this hidden ground of thought and impassioned resignation has contributed yet more to the vitality of Arnold's poetry than its radiant form. Poems like 'Obermann' and 'Dover Beach' and the 'Grande Chartreuse' awakened powerful and widespread response in a generation perplexed as he was, but unable to interpret its perplexities with a 'sad lucidity' like his. They were the perplexities of men who stood, or thought they stood, between 'two faiths, one dead, one waiting to be born.'

For such men Arnold was, as he said of Goethe, a 'physician' who 'laid his finger on the place and said thou healest here and here.' Nor was his medicine an anodyne. At moments we see him, like the scholar gipsy,

> Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
> Still clutching the inviolable shade.

And, standing by his father's grave in Rugby Chapel, he enshrined in one great heroic song the passion for human service which was his own inmost inspiration, the 'hidden ground' which underlay his brilliant, mundane charm.

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THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

BY GODFREY LOCKER-LAMPSON

From the *Cornhill Magazine, January*
(LONDON LITERARY MONTHLY)

THE country gentleman, as we have known him, will soon be a thing of the past, a reminiscence, a tradition, and then, perhaps, a figure forgotten altogether. For good or for evil his doom is sealed. During the life of the present generation his revenue has dwindled and his influence diminished until today the possession of a country seat is generally a burden and a handicap, rather than an advantage, to him who owns it.

He began by losing what political power he had. With the extension of the franchise his opinion at elections gradually counted for less. Up till then, the farmers who were his tenants had exercised the vote, and the agricultural laborers whom they employed had been practically voiceless. But the hinds now not only had the suffrage, but were better educated, and voted, when they had a mind to, against their masters; and, as these took their cue from the Squire, the latter for the first time was liable to find himself in a small and humiliating minority.

But he could not be damaged in his political influence without his social prestige suffering as well. He was no longer cock of the walk. Another rooster was crowing on an adjacent dunghill. The farmer's wife might still drop him a curtsy, but the national destinies were now in other hands, and his ploughmen and carters were aware of it, and his lawyer, his doctor, and the local tradesmen also.

On the top of this came an ever-increasing load of imposts. First of all the death-duties, which compelled him to lay aside a yearly sum out of his income to insure his life for his wife and children. Then the supertax, which necessitated a substantial reduction of establishment, the felling of timber, or the sale of valuables. Lastly, the swingeing additional taxation for the purposes of the Great War, coupled with soaring wages and high prices, forcing him, after a brief but helpless struggle, to sell his farms one by one and ultimately the paternal roof itself, which has resulted in a large proportion of the soil of England changing hands during the last few years and its subdivision among a far greater number of the population.

With no political power, with his social prestige steadily on the wane, with, at best, three quarters of his land alienated forever, and with insufficient means to keep the remainder of his property even in repair, he has become a subject for pity, almost for ridicule, to the rest of the world. He has been shorn of nearly all his possessions, of the larger part of the honors that depended on them, and of most of the links that bound him with the past; and his pride now has little else to rest upon than barren and tormenting memories.

Only a few years ago, an income of £5000 a year enabled a landowner to make his estate his home, to spend a few weeks in the summer in London or abroad, to educate his children as befitted gentlefolk, to keep a hunter or two and a carriage for his wife, to pre-

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serve some game, to entertain his neighbors when he so pleased, and to live in dignity and considerable style. But a revenue of £5000 at that time represented a net income of only about £250 to £300 short of that figure, after rates and taxes had been paid. It now means one of under £3000. And as wages have doubled, and prices with them, it may safely be affirmed that money is worth but half of what it was, and that £3000 thirty years ago, that is to say, within the memory of a man of middle age, is equivalent to-day to only about £1500.

This has spelt disaster for the country gentleman. He has parted with his land bit by bit, then his horses and pictures, or his wife's jewels, and has let his house to strangers for a term of years and finally sold it, and is now to be found modestly transplanted either in town or country, and putting as good a face upon the matter as he can. In fact, to have kept up his former state, instead of a revenue of £5000, he would have needed at least three times as much.

This disappearance of the Squire has been one of the features of our time little noticed at the moment by those not immediately concerned, but pregnant with far-reaching consequences. It has taken place rapidly and noiselessly, without complaint. Ancient families, which have dwelt for hundreds of years in the same spot, have left their ancestral homes one day for the last time, almost furtively, practically unobserved, with none but their gardeners to see them go. The Great War has been as fatal to them as the Wars of the Roses to the nobles of the fifteenth century, and in a short while a country gentleman living upon the proceeds of his estate of a couple of thousand acres of farm and woodland, with his hunting and his shooting, his good cheer and unpaid public work, will be as rare a spectacle in a week's travel through our English countryside as a Camberwell Beauty or a golden eagle.

Before he takes his final departure, it may not be amiss to render him a passing tribute, or rather to glance at the loss or the gain that society will have made when once he has gone forever. For this purpose he may be pictured the average type of Squire as we have known him in the past, with his £5000 of revenue and a thousand or two acres. He will have chosen a wife from a respectable county stock and will be on familiar terms with his fellow landowners within a radius of ten miles. His time will be divided between sport, the management of his estate, and local public duties. His sons will be at college and his daughters finishing their education at home; and the rest of the indoor household will consist of a butler and footman and perhaps six or seven other servants, with a companion or governess in addition for his girls.

There will be a coachman and groom in the stables, and three or four gardeners will prune his lady's roses, mow his lawns, grow his vegetables, and force a little fruit in a vinery and peach-house. Two estate men will also be necessary to keep the ditches clear, clip the hedges, mend the gates and fences, and cut the firewood for the use of the house. In addition to these, there will be a couple of keepers to rear five or six hundred pheasants to stock his coverts, to look after any other game on the estate and keep poachers and trespassers away; and if there be a small home farm, a hand or two will also be required there.

From the first of September, when the earliest partridges can be shot, he will have several days of strenuous and exhilarating exercise, walking with his dogs over the sunburnt stubbles and tramping through fields of turnip and potato. On the first of the following

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month the all-important pheasant-shooting begins, which off and on will give him varying sport on his own land and that of his friends until the first day of February. During all this time he will be entertaining his neighbors or entertained by them, while his daughters will be gaining some experience of the world.

In fact, nothing has been more characteristic of English rural life than the country gentleman's shoot. For months beforehand the keepers have had an anxious time — first of all searching the woods and hedgerows for the pheasants' eggs in April and May, and getting them in before they can be sucked by jays, rooks, jackdaws, or hedgehogs, or cracked by the frosts; then hatching them under broody hens; then rearing the little feathered things in coops in some sheltered field in June and July; then carrying them, when old enough, into their destined coverts; and finally keeping them together and out of harm's way from foxes, stoats, weasels, and other vermin, as well as predatory man, until the fatal day. Directly the leaf is sufficiently off the trees, say, in November, the Squire will fill his house with company, and on the morning of the big shoot perhaps a gun or two from near by will join them. The beaters, a dozen or fifteen in number, chosen for their trustiness from workers on the estate, and clad in smock-frocks, congregate for the occasion after breakfast, the twenty or so 'stops' or boys having been posted at critical places outside the coverts earlier in the morning.

What a day of qualms it is for host and keeper! For weeks, nay, almost for months, the 'beats' have been mapped out. A 'hot corner' is arranged for the last drive before lunch and another to end up with in the evening. But it is quite likely that Fortune will be perverse. Many of the birds fly back over the beaters' heads, or escape in a long stream at some point inadequately defended, or it rains or snows, or the most distinguished guest has hardly any shooting and some unimportant gun gets far too much, or the hounds have been through the woods the day before and scattered the birds to the four corners of the estate.

Luncheon, however, makes up for some of the disappointments. On a wintry day it is difficult, when you are hungry, even if you are the host, to be depressed for long with a smoking pot of Irish stew and platters of plum pudding and mince pies in front of you, crowned with a jug or two of generous brew. The keeper's wife, who has lent her best room for the event (for the ladies from the Hall have come), has lit a roaring fire, and photographs of the Squire's forbears look down upon you from the mantelpiece. The old rafters, black with age, have often rung with the laughter of these parties, and the sideboard groans with specimens of the chase.

Even the beaters, who may be soaked to the skin or numb with cold, think all their discomforts well worth it when a square meal of bread and meat and cheese and ale is set before them. It is an opportunity for them, too, to pick up a little news of the outside world, for the loaders have some gossip from other big houses which can be retailed at leisure in the local 'pub.'

And so, after a little more sport, the shoot comes to an end in the twilight, and, a brace or so of birds having been set aside for each of the guests, the rest of the bag — pheasants, hares, rabbits, partridges, woodcocks, wild ducks, or snipe — is hung up in the larder, some for the Squire's kitchen, some for the hospital and certain poor relations, and what is left for the local poulterer; and the keeper goes home to

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his pipe and supper thanking God that the day is well over.

Or maybe our Squire is a hunting man, and the hounds will meet at his house. What a spectacle it is then, as the pink coats keep on arriving, and the huntsmen and the pack, and all the mixed multitude of followers in carts, traps, on bicycles, and on foot! The privileged are invited within and their mettle's edge still further whetted with a short but fiery draught, with a sandwich added as an apology for the other. And then off the whole motley concourse starts, making ruin of the Squire's pheasant-shooting for a week to come, but thinking him a good fellow and sportsman, as undoubtedly he is. For though they break his fences, leave his gates open, and disfigure his lawns with hoof and wheel marks, no one will have enjoyed the day more than he.

Many a shilling is gathered on these occasions by gate-openers, fox-viewers, stirrup-holders, horse-catchers, and sundry other pickers-up of loose coin. In fact, it is a public holiday for the district where the Squire resides, and everyone, of whatever sex or age, gets something tangible or immaterial out of it, whether in food, cash, excitement, a subject for discussion, or agreeable exercise. Even the keeper, whose birds have been harried from one covert to another, gets a substantial tip from the hunt if a fox is found.

All the year round one sport or another is being encouraged by the Squire. For there may be a local cricket-club, and his park will be the scene of many a village match. Or football may be the rage, and he will give the team a ground to play on. Whatever be the fashion of the moment, he does his best to share his privileges with those about him, and is pretty certain to be president of all the men's associations and the patron of every outing, festival, concert, or carnival that may take place in the neighborhood.

Then there are his public engagements, — those commitments that often irk, but which he feels it his duty to perform, — the Bench, the County or the Parish Council, the Board of Guardians, the Vestry meetings of the living in his own gift, the innumerable gatherings and committees on every conceivable question of the day. Here he not only meets his inferiors and social equals, but his superiors as well, and learns the ways of the great world. He is a unit in the government of his country, helping to make by-laws, to levy rates, to secure the health and safety of the citizens, and to administer justice to all and sundry.

He does all this unpaid, without a doit's worth of reward, with inconvenience to himself, and sometimes even at considerable expense — not as a rule for the sake of ambition, but purely from a sense of public duty. Here he is seen at his best, for he is no politician scheming for advancement. He has no axe to grind, and would be heartily relieved if someone else would do the work. But so long as it has to be done he is ready to lend a hand, and while his health and strength last would be ashamed to shirk it. Has the recording angel set down all these hours spent in fulfillment of duty, with no thought in the background of self-aggrandizement or material gain, when it would have been so easy to plead other occupations and to have escaped all the tedium and responsibility, and sometimes even the odium, of these unrequited labors?

But the Squire appears in his most attractive part when going the round of the estate with his agent or bailiff. It is then that his humanity triumphs over his interest. It is as though he regarded his tenants and those he employed more as members of his family

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than alien in blood and contributors to his revenue. Several of his cottages are given free to old retainers, who have grown gray in his service or who knew and worked for his father and grandfather. Some other cottager has now asked for a reduction of rent, as children have been born, or the breadwinner has had a long illness and no wages have come in. A lower rental would mean a direct loss, taking repairs and other outgoings into account; but, although the bailiff may reason against it, in ninety-nine times out of a hundred the tenant will get his wish. The Squire would sooner go without a hunter than refuse any of these people.

Or perhaps an aged tenant has died and his son is anxious to take the farm on the same easy terms. For years landlord and agent may have had their eye on this opportunity of letting the land at a better profit. The son may be known to be an indifferent farmer, and the rent will probably be often in arrear. But if he wants it, in nine cases out of ten it will be given to him, and the Squire will be glad to let him have it. Will the Jew do this, or the Gentile either, in most of the professions that men engage in? For if business were conducted in this spirit, usury would be at a standstill and lawyers would starve.

The poor improvident Philistine of a Squire has a code of his own that no one else cares to copy. In truth, the business of the country gentleman is the only secular one in which the main chance has not been usually the prime concern. For the average landlord has behaved more like a patriarch than as owner or employer to those on his estate. Their contentment has been his peculiar care, and, whenever it has been brought to his notice that their peace of mind and the interests of his own pocket were in mutual antagonism, the latter has nearly always had to give way. It is not that he is a particular hero, for he may be hot-tempered and obstinate, conventional and narrow-minded. He may have a full share of the faults of men. But he has been bred in the tradition, which has become a second nature, that if those who get their livelihood from his estate are not actually his kith and kin, yet in all those transactions with him which affect their daily lives they have an indefeasible claim upon him as the descendant of his sires. He is the representative of a dying system, and their interests are his.

All this, however, is but a portion of the activities of the Squire and his family. His wife and daughters will know the wives and children of all the men on the estate, visiting them in illness and other adversity, and being familiar with their history, their troubles, and their needs. In fact, the influence of his womenfolk is felt through all his little territory and sometimes far beyond it. They set the tone of upright conduct, of refined feelings, and decent behavior, and have done much in the past to soften the asperities of those about them.

The very fact of there being, as it were, a little resident Court, a family of superior fortune and position living in their midst, has created an example, a goal even to be striven for by young ambition. Disinterested counsel has been at their very door for the asking, advice has been freely sought and taken, help readily afforded at critical junctures, and a mutual sympathy has grown up, showing itself in all the manifold vicissitudes of existence. There has been a long interchange of friendliness, a looking-up and a stepping-down, until those above and those below have met at a common level, feeling that they understood one another, while both sides have benefited by each other's confidence. It led

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to an improvement of manners and morals, which are among the best fruits of civilization, and envy and class hatred were unable to flourish in such a soil.

In spite of all this, the day of the Squire is over. He is going for good, and nothing can save him. Never again shall we see this same semifeudal family life — a community more or less dependent on one another — that has been so characteristic a feature of our countryside. The times, it is true, are unsuited to it, and it is too frequent a failing to extol a former age at the expense of the present. Landed property is being more and more distributed among the various classes, the shares of individuals in opportunities for self-advancement are becoming more equal; and there is a nearer approach to a general norm of greater domestic comfort. The teaching of the schools has penetrated through all the strata.

In short, the result has been to leaven the mass of the population with an infusion of culture, to give them more of the amenities of life, a larger influence upon the course of events, and more leisure.

As a consequence, there is less concentration of all four in any particular grade or quarter. The quality of the whole has appreciated, for the conditions of improvement are more dispersed. But what the whole has gained, the parts have lost in quality. In the future, therefore, there will not be the same opportunity in the rural districts of learning from fine exemplars, nor the same advantage which accrues to the members of a small community when a higher standard than their own is in everyday relation with them and continually before their eyes.

This is the loss which has resulted from the disappearance of the old régime. That it is greater than the gain, who will say, for the progress of humanity is ceaseless and upward. The evolution of man takes no account of details, and has no concern with Squires or any other personages. New processes will more than compensate for the losses of the past. But to some of those now living, who are old enough to have seen the country gentleman at work and at play, to have known him the centre of his little world — to them it will seem that something honorable and picturesque has been abstracted from the life of the people, an influence human and protective, a disinterested personal relationship, which we shall find it difficult to make up for through the coming years in all the modern experiments for our government and welfare.

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THE BALZAC NOVEL PRIZE

BY LOUIS DE MONDADON

[*The Balzac Prize was founded by Sir Basil Zaharoff, the famous Greek millionaire whom the sensational press abroad describes as a 'man of mystery' because of his undoubted political influence. The new prize is to be awarded to unknown writers only, and four hundred contestants were sufficiently modest to send in manuscripts. No totally unknown geniuses being among the number, the jury — headed by M. Paul Bourget and with M. Jean de Pierrefeu as a distinguished member — divided the first award of the prize between M. Jean Giraudoux's* Siegfried et le Limousin *and M. Émile Baumann's* Job le prédestiné. *M. Giraudoux made his literary début in* 1909 *and has published several books since then, without great success. He devotes himself especially to studying the relationship of the French people with other peoples. M. Baumann is a professor at the Lycée of Mans, the town where the scene of his story is laid.*]

From *Études, December 5*
(Paris Catholic Semimonthly)

Although the first award of the Prix Balzac aroused keen competition and, after the award, a good deal of jealousy, it has made at least two people happy, for the jury has halved it between MM. Jean Giraudoux and Émile Baumann. Though *Siegfried et le Limousin* is a very different book from *Job le prédestiné*, far be it from me to put asunder what fortune hath joined together. I shall merely endeavor to discern the original qualities that won them their joint places of honor.

To tell the truth, one can't help asking why M. Giraudoux labeled his book a 'novel' — unless, of course, it was to put it in line for the prospective laurel-wreath. The subject matter of *Siegfried et le Limousin* boils down to very little. In Siegfried von Kleist a Frenchman discovers Forestier, his old fellow countryman, who like himself is a native of Solignac, and who disappeared during the war. He undertakes to restore Forestier to his true identity; and with this purpose, having first borrowed a false Canadian passport, he attaches himself to him in the capacity of an instructor, and devises textbooks in which, without appearing to do so, he touches the chords of common memories. In the end, he takes his pupil back to his own country.

The adventures of this soldier — who has been left for dead upon the battlefield without his identification disc, and who has then been reëducated and has passed over to the enemy, body and soul — would have supplied Chamisso with material for a lively little story, which might have been called *The Man Who Lost His Tag;* and I can imagine M. Paul Bourget treating *en psychologue*, with a deal of sage analysis and solemn pondering, such a curious case of total amnesia and the gradual return of the original consciousness.

M. Giraudoux finds psychology a bit disturbing. Drawing distinctions between fiction and psychology and the treatments proper to each could hardly make him more trouble than they do. His Siegfried is a characterless puppet, a kind of foolish, stubborn jumping-jack, playing the rôle of a heavy godparent in some revue. We are dragged about with him from city to city — from Nymphenburg to Berlin, from Berlin to Sassnitz, from Sassnitz to Munich, from Munich to Oberammergau — not because the finger of fate

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points his way to one place any more than another, but just to give the author an excuse for describing Germany from several angles.

The story advances by fits and starts, as suits the whims of an errant fancy, unfriendly to rules, impatient of the least restraint, lagging here and there along the way to divert itself with a thousand objects foreign to itself. Bavarian architecture, the placards on the wall, the furniture and trinkets in a hotel room, the attitudes, the walk, and the dress of people in the street, the Passion Play, the Molière Centenary — what not? Any pretext is good enough for a digression. If we happen to stroll into a picture store, we don't get out again until we have examined the three Poussins that are for sale there. If we sit down on the terrace of the Rotonde, we must needs pass in review the groups of spies and some of the famous individual spies who make it their haunt to-day — or did yesterday.

Forever the same leisurely method and the same chatter. No sooner are we in Ludwigstrasse at Munich, in front of the Florentine house of the late Duke, than our guide begins to explain the honest old gentleman's taste for playing on words, and retails several of his least successful puns. As if our own planet had not curiosities enough to satisfy anybody, the very stars in their courses are bidden to disclose their names and the moon to display its mountains.

M. Giraudoux seems to have registered a vow to make us forget every other minute the story he started out to tell. What earthly connection is there between Siegfried and Shetland ponies that live to be thirty-one years old, or, above all, with Nilsen-Tilsen — where you arrive via a little tramway hauled by gray horses? And what are all these people — you can count them by the dozen — doing in the story: half-formed acquaintances, fleeting, fugitive shadows, all of them, from the sculptress Geneviève Prat, to the Bolshevist, Lieviné Lieven — not to mention the student of German in the Lycée de Brives and Maghéna, the negro, a former servant at the Rotonde and originally a kettle cook from Dibamba? But we can lose as much time in quest of the *raison d'être* of these unimportant characters as in hunting for the relations between episodes. Where pure fancy is sovereign and holds absolute sway, anything so troublesome as logic can claim no privileges.

M. Giraudoux delights in startling his reader. His pen scatters a profusion of burlesque images, of facetious comparisons, cock-and-bull stories. A woman with disorderly hair, he says, looks like a chrysanthemum. In the course of a conversation, a sunbeam playing over his companion's forehead gives warning that he must have a chance to speak too, since 'in the music halls the spotlight announces a change of number.' M. Giraudoux joins the most unlikely things together — things that positively swear at one another when they meet. Every sentence is a surprise package. You hardly press the button before the Jack-in-the-box is jumping out with his grin.

But you never find such worn formulas as a writer without imagination culls from a hand-me-down book of synonyms. The author of *Siegfried* makes it a point of pride to imitate nobody. Even when he takes it into his head to strut a bit in the grand style, you need n't be afraid. He will finish with a slap-dash whirl of his own the most pompous period that he ever starts.

In the same way that always, on the morning when the great novelist has at last decided to begin his novel after two wasted years, his old college-friend pays him

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a visit to ask all about his taste in novels and to inquire whether he has ever loved; just as the poet, taking his stand in the fields at dawn, feels the poem that he bears within him wrecked by the sound of the washerwomen at the stream, so that he invites in vain the applause of the far horizon; just as it is on the day when the rascal has determined to be good that his creditors, led by inscrutable forces, set their collectors on him and drive him into such a fury that he kills every last one of them — well, quite the other way, in my case, I, who had decided to be slothful and indolent on this dreary day, was simply overwhelmed with good resolutions the minute I opened my window!

Shall I recount what improbable meetings he provides for us — Lenin and Trotskii — and what absurd acts his characters venture upon? A certain Walden, a young Jew from Charlottenburg, accomplishes all kinds of dizzying feats, like taking a header into the Rhine at the place where Schumann drowned himself, or jumping his horse across a wall from which Beethoven once fell. It is the same man who has himself tattooed by the prisoner, Belt Jones — tattooer to the King of England — and who carries on his left wrist this improbable inscription in Gothic letters mixed with Roman: 'The German in this skin will never hate France.'

M. Giraudoux is not one of those authors you can read at a sitting. You have to take his book a bit at a time, and, if you are really to enjoy it, you must go back through it. Then, the shock, the puzzlement, the perplexity, the exasperation of the first reading having been stilled, nothing is left but amusement. Under the medley of colors you see the precision, not to mention the malice, of the design. The face of the German who gives unity to the picture begins to appear, for the principal character of *Siegfried et le Limousin* is not Siegfried himself, but the German as an abstraction: Germany, symbolized by its stucco masterpieces, its landscapes, its bookish professors, and its false great men — or rather the sentimental and pedantic Germania, restless, avid of gain, luxury, and violence, eager to astound the world, to reach and pass all limits, entranced by systems, without measure in action, powerful even in blunders.

Siegfried et le Limousin is not a novel at all — it is pure satire from one end to another, jovial satire, and also cruel satire.

M. Émile Baumann's *Job le prédestiné* — a genuine novel this time — brings us back to the ordinary categories of its kind. It describes contemporary life, bourgeois manners, the humdrum everyday existence in the provinces. Though it deals with an abundance of material, it arranges it according to rigorous plan. Episodes closely linked and logically following one another keep close to the plot, and push straight on to the dénouement. It is full to the brim — yet perfectly clear; charged with matter — yet simple in its essentials.

Job le prédestiné tells the story of a Christian's education through adversity. Half-ruined, stripped of his fortune, the rich Bernard Dieuzède is compelled to leave his estate and set up as a little bookseller at Mans, where he is lucky if he makes enough to feed his family. But a wound in the purse is not always fatal. Bernard does not lack courage and keeps a brave heart under his misfortunes. He even contrives to adjust himself without undue difficulty to his little shop and without ill grace to his monotonous work, in spite of the complaints and lamentations of his wife, a vain, coquettish woman, who takes things very much to heart and on the least excuse reproaches him with their poverty. Too kind-hearted to

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silence his wretched helpmate, Dieuzède tries to preserve the peace of the household, come what may, by sacrifices and compromises.

But infidelity is soon added to the breach between them. The lady lets herself be courted and finally won by Dr. Glenka, an army surgeon, a faded and not very scrupulous beau. One fine day she goes off to Paris to join him, taking her youngest daughter. Poor Dieuzède falls ill. He becomes almost blind, and we see him for a little while reduced to living by beggary. Now, as these ills of every sort overwhelm him, the grace that is in him enables him to penetrate further into the divine mystery of suffering. This true Christian finds new grounds of faith in his humiliations. He trusts that Providence will arrange all for the best; and, in fact, things do change by a miracle. Dr. Glenka is sent to the front, where he is killed by a shell. The faithless wife repents; Bernard pardons her; the lost fortune is recovered; the reunited family return to their old home.

M. Baumann wanted to show in his hero the supernatural energy of the Gospels. If Bernard Dieuzède should follow his own inclination he would go down in disaster and despair. But he tears aside the veil of illusion to look mystically, with the eyes of faith, into the invisible at those supreme reasons which explain to the heart enigmas which without them are insoluble.

But I am afraid his resignation may be — or seem to be — partly the result of a lax and careless temper, too inert for vigorous measures. Once or twice, it is true, he is swept away by a sudden access of energy, but it is checked so swiftly and with so little effort! Usually he bows his head, submitting in advance to any abuse, conquered in the very beginning. His gentleness does n't cost him enough. Admirable as a Christian, he is, as a man, too wanting in resources, too much the plaything of circumstances. He is of an inconceivable clumsiness in business. He knows neither how to dress up his little shop, nor how to drive a good bargain, nor how to flatter a customer.

Does M. Baumann mean to say that a good business man can't be a perfectly good Christian? I don't suppose so, but it annoys me to see his *Job le prédestiné*, a model of patience and submission, have such a lackadaisical mind. The original Job, with his seven thousand sheep, three thousand camels, five hundred yoke of oxen, five hundred asses, and all his servants, did not ruin his worldly affairs in the sight of Heaven. It took the Devil in person to do for *him!*

I see as I come to close that I have kept my promise very badly. I was to describe the excellences of these books and I have insisted on their faults. Does this discredit literary juries? No, certainly not — and yet, ought we not to avoid made-to-order admiration, even of neglected merit? Not even the most distinguished judges, not even Academicians, are infallible. Their votes are no real guaranty of excellence, and prizes, big or little, will never hatch masterpieces. Besides, we live in the age of advertisement, and shameless advertisement, at that. Wreaths nowadays are less the reward of talent than a bait for the public, and often enough — must we recall Batouala? — a booby trap.

Let us at least have the wisdom of the old proverb, 'all that glitters is not gold,' though in saying that I do not mean the least depreciation of the books of M. Giraudoux and M. Baumann. Quite the contrary: they stand out amid the current of second-rate work, one by its style and inextinguishable humor, the other by its high seriousness and the depth of its observations.

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A PAGE OF OXFORD VERSE

[*Poems from* Oxford Poetry, 1922. *The* Cambridge Review's *criticism of this book is printed elsewhere in this issue.*]

AUDIERNE

BY ANTHONY STEELE

[New College]

Deep in a land of ragged furze,
Coarse grass and stunted pine,
Of capped and comely women,
Of cider, not of wine,

Like pinioned wraiths of muslin
The cobalt nets hang unfurled,
By the town of little fishes
Near the very end of the world.

'IN LANDS MADE DESOLATE'

BY JOSEPH BREWER

[Magdalen College]

In lands made desolate by war,
Little men hurry to rebuild their towns,
  Hasten in shame
To cover up the signs of their silly
    quarrels,
Lest some grown-up God should catch
    them out,
  And laughing,
Make their cheap passions ridiculous
In the eyes of the universe.

TWILIGHT

BY F. W. BATESON

[Trinity College]

Now tiptoe night hath lured away
The laggard rustic from the hay;
  An earliest owlet shrills
  Between the hills.

Stilled is all else: not yet there pry
Beetle or bat to mar the sky,
  Nor dismal ghost to delve
  For mouldered pelf.

No crumpling whisp of smoke betrays
Or cotter's fire or tavern blaze;
  No glowworm shames the dark
  With pilot spark.

Alone I prowl: intent to share
The drowsy hour's sweet despair,
  And younker moon to spy
  Climb up the sky.

SUMMER

BY C. H. O. SCAIFE

[St. John's College]

Hot summer comes
And hums
A drowsy tune.
In June
The flies are young,
Among
The flowers just blown
They drone.
When August's told
They're old,
And fall asleep
Sunk deep
In parched-up grass.
Like glass
Lies each small pool,
And cool
The old fish swim
By slim
And graceful reeds;
The meads
Have lost their rills,
The hills
In slumber lie,
The sky
Is vastly deep
And sleep
Folds round the lands
Her hands.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

LIARS IN LITERATURE

UNDER the engaging title, 'On Liars,' the lively person who dons the mask of 'Penguin' weekly in the London *Observer* recently contributed to that newspaper — which has just celebrated its one hundred and thirtieth anniversary — some entertaining comments on the immortal liars of literature. It is a subject of which much might be made, and it is by no means certain that 'Penguin' has got to the bottom of it. Still, it is hardly fair to blame 'Penguin' for not plumbing the depths of falsehood. This is what he says: —

'For the three men who were most celebrated in the faculty of lying in fiction, we have to go to three different countries. Baron Münchausen, Sir John Falstaff, and Monsieur Tartarin of Tarascon are three great liars and three great men. The lies of all three have added to the gayety of nations. Falstaff, "unimitated, unimitable Falstaff," is my own favorite of the three, but this is, perhaps, due to the limitations of nationality. Certainly the story of the men in buckram is neither more circumstantial nor more incredible than Tartarin's story of the forty lions he killed, or Münchausen's account of how he rode the Lithuanian horse that was cut in two by the portcullis, and yet continued to drink at the fountain until the fountain nearly ran dry because the water ran out of the horse's severed trunk. When we read lies like this last, we are forced to agree with Oscar Wilde and lament the decay of the rich rhythmic utterance of an earlier time.

'Among modern liars, Thackeray's Mr. Archer, in *Pendennis*, is a man with whom I regret that I cannot become better acquainted. We are only twice in his company — once in the Back Kitchen and once on the Epsom race-course, and on each occasion Mr. Archer shows that he has a pretty talent. Compared with Archer, Andrea Fitch, in *A Shabby Genteel Story*, is a mirthless liar, though we are told that Fitch "never spoke the truth, and was so entirely affected and absurd as to be quite honest at last: for it is my belief that the man did not know truth from falsehood any longer."

'Dickens's Mr. Stryver, in *A Tale of Two Cities*, and Trollope's Miss Gushing, in *Doctor Thorne*, both became liars through having been crossed in love. Stryver, after Lucie Manette refused him and accepted Darnay, "married a florid widow, with property and three boys. He was in the habit of declaiming to Mrs. Stryver, over his full-bodied wine, on the arts Mrs. Darnay had once put in practice to 'catch' him, and on the diamond-cut-diamond arts in himself, madam, which had rendered him 'not to be caught.' Some of his King's Bench familiars, who were occasionally parties to the full-bodied wine and the lie, excused him for the latter by saying that he had told it so often that he believed it himself." Miss Gushing took a similar tone when Mr. Oriel became engaged to Beatrice Gresham. "If she had only chosen to exert herself as Miss Gresham had done, she could have had Mr. Oriel easily; oh, too easily; but she had despised such work," so she said. Miss Gushing, like Mr. Stryver, found a willing ear into which to pour this mendacity, which "she repeated so often that it is prob-

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able she was induced to believe it herself."

'Mr. Perch, the messenger in *Dombey and Son*, is another liar who came to credit his own inventions.'

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HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN AND HIS FAIRY TALES

DOCTOR HANS BRIX, the well-known Danish authority on the writings of Hans Christian Andersen, in a recent article published in the *Nationaltidende*, of Copenhagen, makes mention of certain unpublished letters that the poet wrote to Miss Henriette Hanck, of Odense, one of which makes the earliest reference known to the fact that the poet intended to write fairy tales.

The letter in question, here referred to for the first time in English, was written on New Year's Day, 1835. Dr. Brix is of the opinion that while Andersen was in the midst of the Christmas festivities and had been much in the company of Thiele, the noted writer of fairy tales, the Danish poet conceived the idea of trying his hand at this kind of writing. One sentence in the letter says that 'I shall now begin on some fairy tales for children. I shall try to win the coming generations for me, you must know.'

In a similar humorous tone Andersen refers to his growing fame as follows: 'It will surely interest you to read in Oest's new biographical author's dictionary a kind of biography of your townsman Andersen which, however, is rather meagre. When once I get to be eighty I shall myself contribute something entirely different. Still this is the first time that Odense is referred to as my home town, and my real age is also given. It is rather hard to be put on public view where all can see the baptismal papers.'

Three months later, in another letter to Miss Hanck, dated March 26, 1835, he once more mentions the fairy tales. After writing about the *Improvisatoren* and *Little Kirsten*, he says: 'There are, furthermore, the Fairy Tales told to Children. They will be published in April. People will say that this is my work for immortality. I myself will not experience this honor while in this world.'

Throughout this correspondence it is apparent that Hans Christian Andersen was desirous to stand well in the eyes of his townspeople of Odense. There is many a hint for Miss Hanck to inform the powers that be in that city how the poet was progressing in the capital, but the letters are written in that charming, childlike style that characterized Andersen throughout his entire life and made him what he is in the eyes of posterity.

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AFOOT FROM OSTEND TO ADRIANOPLE

THIRTEEN weeks sufficed for Mr. Ralph Michaelis, a young English journalist, to walk the 1500 miles lying between Ostend and Constantinople. Frontier 'hold-ups,' which are likely to be plentiful, prolonged, and annoying in post-war Europe, are included in his schedule.

Mr. Michaelis crossed into the Balkans in the interval between the Greek evacuation of Thrace and the Turkish occupation, when there were no troops of any kind about and the country swarmed with brigands, two bands of which attacked him before he reached Adrianople. There a complaisant Governor-General provided him with an escort of Turkish gendarmes who had orders to go with him to Constantinople itself.

But let Odysseus make his own epic: —

'At Tchurluv, however, the gendarmes threw up the sponge, regarding the walk as

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a most tiring method of wasting time, and I completed the last four days of the journey alone.' Over the tattered remnants of the clothes in which he began the journey he was wearing at the end of it a wolf skin that he bought in an Oriental bazaar, to protect him from the rigors of the winter in Thrace.

'Socks? I took three changes with me,' he said, 'and by dint of daily washing never had so much as a hole in them. One pair of boots, too, carried me as far as Adrianople, where they were burned one night in a fire. So I flopped the last 160 miles in a pair of French army-boots two sizes too large. They were the only boots I could procure.'

The last hardship will enforce the sympathetic horror of any ex-infantrymen who may chance to read these lines. Fancy a hundred-and-sixty-mile march with shoes — which the misguided Englishman calls 'boots' — too big!

A MISSING FIRST FOLIO

Sir Sidney Lee, one of the greatest living Shakespearean scholars, remarked in his paper on the First Folio in the English College at Valladolid, Spain — which appeared in the *Living Age* for May 20, 1922 — that another copy of the famous book had been taken back to Spain by Gondomar, Spanish Ambassador to the Court of James I, but that it had later been lost. Interesting details with regard to this lost copy, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, were communicated to Mrs. Humphrey Ward when she was an examiner for the Taylorian Scholarship in Spanish at Oxford. Her fellow examiner, Don Pacual Gayangos, stayed for the night at Valladolid on his way to England when he was still a young man, and visited an old friend newly appointed librarian to an aristocratic family of the city. He found the new librarian engaged in clearing away a number of books which he regarded as useless — the first step toward the rearrangement of the library — and casting those discarded into a large brazier which stood on the floor. Out of a pile of old books lying on the floor awaiting their turn, Don Pacual picked a First Folio, still well preserved, bearing Gondomar's name on the flyleaf and notes in a seventeenth-century hand.

Unable to convince the librarian — who must have had a deal to learn about his business — that there was any value attached to the queer old book, he went on to London, where he mentioned his discovery to Sir Thomas Phillips and the young Mr. Halliwell, who later became Sir Thomas's son-in-law and Mr. Halliwell-Phillips. Greatly excited over the discovery, they sent Gayangos hurrying back to Valladolid to buy the book — but too late! He found a neat and orderly library, but no First Folio, and the librarian was somewhat annoyed at being troubled over anything so insignificant! Chance would seem to have preserved the book, in some unexplained way, however, for Sir Sidney Lee declares on the authority of the present count that it remained in the library until 1873, when the family presented all the books to the Spanish Royal Family. It is to be hoped that enough interest has now been roused to induce somebody to trace it.

A NEW PLAY BY GEORGE MOORE

London is to see a new play by George Moore next month. The prospects now are that it is never to be 'clapperclawed by the vulgar' — an arrangement that must exactly suit its author's fastidious soul — but that it will be given for a limited number of performances only and perhaps by subscription.

The new play is *The Coming of Gabrielle*, which has already had European productions and which a few years ago

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was published serially, though not in England. Mr. Moore about this time took a leaf from Bernard Shaw's book and wrote a preface which he characteristically published in another magazine. *The Coming of Gabrielle* will be the third Moore play to reach the boards. *Esther Waters* has been given in dramatic form by the State Society, and the same organization presented *Elizabeth Cooper*.

Surely it is an unkind thrust of fate to put George Moore into the hands of the same producer, Mr. Leon M. Lion, who is to revive *Sweet Lavendar* at the Ambassador's, a performance for which, says a London newspaper, 'the advance booking of seats continues at a high level.'

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MISPLACED CONFIDENCE

CANDOR compels the editor of this department, whose classical Latin was chiefly an introduction to modern literature, and whose modern Latin is only that possessed by most people, to record an unfortunate case of misplaced confidence. Trusting implicitly to a passage in a review of *Davi reditus ad Inferos*, in the venerable and scholarly *Mercure de France* — '*Voici l'automobile bruyante qui passe à toute vitesse*' — he interpreted a passage from Signor Bianchini's book as a description of an automobile. But American Latinists, as impatient of errors in engineering as in philology, have promptly called him — and through him his French authority — to task, pointing out that the passage quoted in our issue of January 13 was really a description of a railway train, and should be interpreted accordingly.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PROFANITY

NOT the least of the merits of 'Lucio' of the *Manchester Guardian* is his entire readiness to poke fun at scientific men who take themselves too seriously. It is not hard to understand why modern psychologists come in for a fair share of the banter, as they do in

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA

['When a man uses expletives because some task of his has failed to result in success, he is really repeating the infant's cry.' — *The Omnipotent Self*, by Dr. Paul Bousfield.]

Colonel Fireblood, D.S.O.,
  Has a certain reputation
For the eloquence and flow
  Of his frequent execration.
Odd to think that this should be
A bequest from infancy.

Tompkins when he tops his drive
  Rarely says it's just a pity;
Truly fearful sounds arrive
  As he labors off the pretty.
Few who hear him realize
These are merely cradle cries.

When the joiner hits his thumb,
  When the carter's steed is restive,
Hot and strong the phrases come;
  Some would call them most suggestive.
So they are; the torrent wild
But reveals the inner child.

Babe, the psychoanalysts
  Lately lodged *their* accusation;
Now this new attack assists
  To destroy your reputation.
Things are looking very blue.
Babe, I weep for you, I do.

Once you came to us aglow,
  Trailing clouds of grace and glory;
Now you bring in embryo
  Every vice that's old and hoary.
Don't you sometimes wish and pray
You'd been born in Wordsworth's day?

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BOOKS ABROAD

Oxford Poetry, 1922. Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1922. 3*s.* 6*d.*

[*Cambridge Review*]

Oxford Poetry, 1922, stands as a notable example of the sanity that is gradually ousting out this reactionary form of gross realism. No poet here sings of ugliness for its own sake — which statement one could not have made of a similar volume appearing some few years since. Sensitiveness to the beauty that lights each hour of country life is the urge that has produced much of this poetry; and the voices are lyric-voices striving to give this beauty fit utterance. Some are here represented whose names are now familiar beyond the University: W. Force Stead, Richard Hughes, Alan Porter, and Bertram Higgins; and their poetry is outstandingly the best. Anthony Steele has almost captured a rare vision in his 'Prophet's At-Home Day' which suffers from its Browningesque mannerisms. His 'Audierne,' too, is one of the best little poems in the book.

['Audierne' and other poems from this book appear on A Page of Verse.]

Sir Douglas Haig's Command, 1915–1918, by G. A. B. Dewar and Lieut.-Col. Boraston. 2 vols. London: Constable and Co. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1923. $10.00.

[General Sir Frederick Maurice in the *Spectator*]

Of the many vexed questions connected with the conduct of the war none has aroused more interest and discussion than *Unity of Command*, and none has been more obscured by claim and counterclaim and by ill-informed comment. The greatest among many services which Mr. G. A. B. Dewar and Lieut.-Col. Boraston have rendered us in these two volumes is the telling for the first time of the story of how Foch came to be appointed to supreme control, and of Haig's relations to Foch subsequent to that event. Our authors say, very truly, that the popular idea that with the advent of Foch inspiration and imagination first illuminated the conduct of the war, and that the defeat of the Germans was entirely due to Foch's genius, does a grave injustice to the British army and to the British Commander-in-Chief, and is responsible for much of the lack of confidence and for much of the pessimism from which we have suffered for the past years, and indeed are still suffering. . . .

The deliberate belittling of Haig and of the British army, which was continuous from the autumn of 1917, has weakened our influence in the world and done us a wrong which is now hardly reparable. Mr. Lloyd George's astonishing inaccuracy in his statements on military affairs is becoming notorious, and of these inaccuracies this book gives us a number of examples, the most remarkable being the late Prime Minister's eulogy of the Versailles forecast of the great German attack. It now appears that it was Haig who foretold exactly the time and place of the attack, and that the Versailles prophets expected it to take place on a front north of that held by the Fifth Army, and not before June or July. Mr. Dewar's comment on these things is: '"Truth in this world," said a cynic, "must wait — she is used to it." The wait in this instance strikes one as unnecessarily long.' We shall not know the whole truth till Lord Haig's own papers are published, but we here get a large installment of it and one which places the British army and the British Commander-in-Chief upon the pedestals which they should long ago have occupied.

Benedetto Croce: An Introduction to his Philosophy, by Raffaelo Piccoli. London: Jonathan Cape, 1922. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co.

[*Outlook*]

Reading Mr. Piccoli's book, we find ourselves wishing in the first place that it had preluded the original introduction of Croce to English readers, and, in the second, that Mr. Piccoli had been Croce's English translator, for his book gives a clear and comprehensive view of Croce's thought, and he writes a very good English style. It is the best book which has yet appeared on Croce in English, better even than Professor Wildon Carr's study, for the reason that it covers a wider area. It supplies, in fact, not only a detailed exposition of Croce's philosophy, but also, in the introduction, a short biographical section, another on Croce's early cultural and political environment, and a third on the origins of his thought. Such a method enables the reader to realize Croce's position in modern thought in its true historical perspective.

This width of outlook appears not only in the introduction, but throughout the book. Mr. Piccoli, one sees, is a man of wide culture, and he turns upon his subject the light of a considerable knowledge not only of philosophy, but also of history, literature, and, most important of all, of human life. Croce is a difficult writer to approach without previous preparation. His

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dialectical method is often so neat and so rapid that if the reader is not merely bewildered he is apt at first to suspect the soundness of the conclusions reached. Even though Croce thoroughly defines his terms and methods, it is a great advantage to come to him with a previous knowledge of what he is explaining. Those who have taken the trouble to digest Mr. Piccoli's book will find themselves admirably equipped to begin on Croce himself, while to those who know something of his philosophy and criticism already the book will be, none the less, of considerable interest and value.

The Collected Works of W. H. Hudson. In twenty-four volumes. London: J. M. Dent, 1923. New York: Dutton date to be fixed. Vol. I. *The Purple Land.* Vol. II. *A Crystal Age.*

[Edward Garnett in *Manchester Guardian*]

THE uniform edition, rightly, has been planned to present the works in chronological order, with his few poems and 'Dead Man's Plack,' 'An Old Thorn,' and some lesser writings forming a supplementary volume. No doubt Messrs. Dent will reproduce in future volumes some of the admirable photographs of Hudson taken in later years, along with facsimiles of his highly characteristic handwriting, and will also add a bibliography. The drawing of Hudson's head by Professor W. Rothenstein, which forms the frontispiece to Vol. I, does not catch the brooding mournfulness and glowing fire, the fusion of sternness and tenderness, in his glance.

Songs of the Birds, by Walter Garstang, D. Sc. London: John Lane, 1922. 6*s.*

[*New Statesman*]

THIS book by the Professor of Zoölogy at Leeds University will appeal to the ever-increasing number of those who are interested in bird-music, whether for its æsthetic charm or for other, not necessarily biological, reasons. Professor Garstang has added one more to the numerous attempts to render bird-song into human syllables and musical notation, though he only deals here with some fifteen of our best-known singers. In a stimulating and breezily written essay on the interpretation of bird-music, after pointing out that 'music — the play of tone-sequences pure and simple — has emerged from song among birds, as in mankind,' he is optimistic enough to assert that 'by a rhythmic syllabic notation alone it is possible to imitate the dominant features of a bird's song closely enough to be distinctive and recognizable.' This is his method: —

'The peculiar quality or timbre of each bird's voice and the resonance of each sound have been imitated . . . by a selection of human consonants; the composition of the song has been represented by the appropriate repetition, modification, or contrast of selected syllables; the syllabic rendering has been cast in a corresponding rhythm; and round this . . . a song has been woven to capture something of the joy or of the attendant circumstances which form the natural setting of his song.'

It is indeed a gallant attempt, and Professor Garstang has worked at it with obvious zest and with the utmost pains. And yet, after all, one is reluctantly driven to regard it as a forlorn hope, and to agree with Warde Fowler (who was a musician as well as an ornithologist) that all such efforts at translation represent labor lost. It is extremely doubtful, for instance, whether the clever syllabic rendering of the whitethroat's song (the last word in rapid and careless *abandon*) would ever enable those who do not know the song to recognize it if they heard it suddenly flung from a hedgerow spray, or even repeated continually close at hand. Nor is *chip-chop, chop-chip, chep-chap* a satisfactory rendering of the distinctly metallic notes of the chiffchaff, which one of the greatest of field-naturalists has syllabled as *dilm-delm-dem.*

'A bird that says *whit* to one man says *chip* to another,' writes Professor Garstang in discussing this very difficulty. How very differently bird-music will affect human ears may be seen from the fact that the well-known long single note of the greenfinch in the village elms which W. H. Hudson called 'a low inflected mimic scream . . . as if from some unsubstantial being, fairy, or wood-nymph,' sounds to Professor Garstang like 'a raucous wheeze'; while to one, at least, of his readers it always resembles a soft and not unmusical long-drawn-out sigh of contentment.

BOOKS MENTIONED

BAUMANN, ÉMILE. *Job le prédestiné.* Paris: B. Grasset, 1922. 7*fr.*

GIRAUDOUX, JEAN. *Siegfried et le Limousin.* Paris: B. Grasset, 1922. 6*fr.*75.

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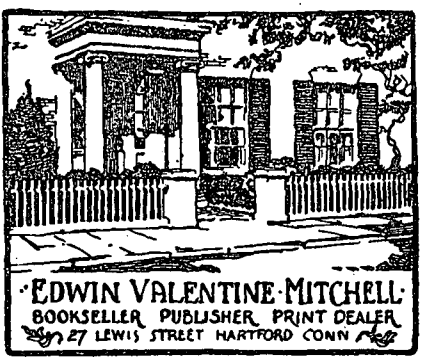

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